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Also: Yasujiro Ozu and
Donald Westlake

TAKE ONE

The Merchant-Ivory Synthesizers

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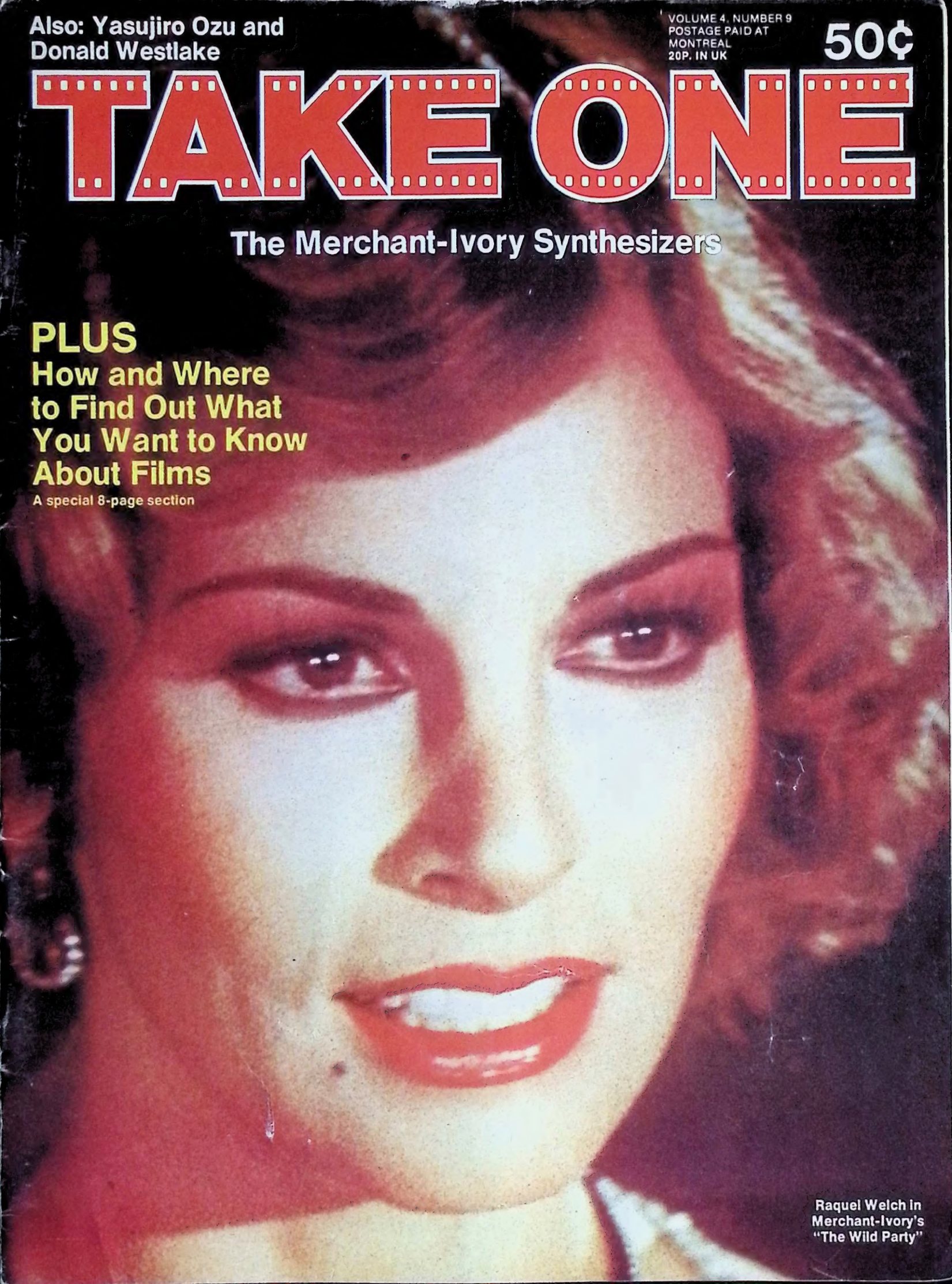

Raquel Welch in
Merchant-Ivory's
"The Wild Party"

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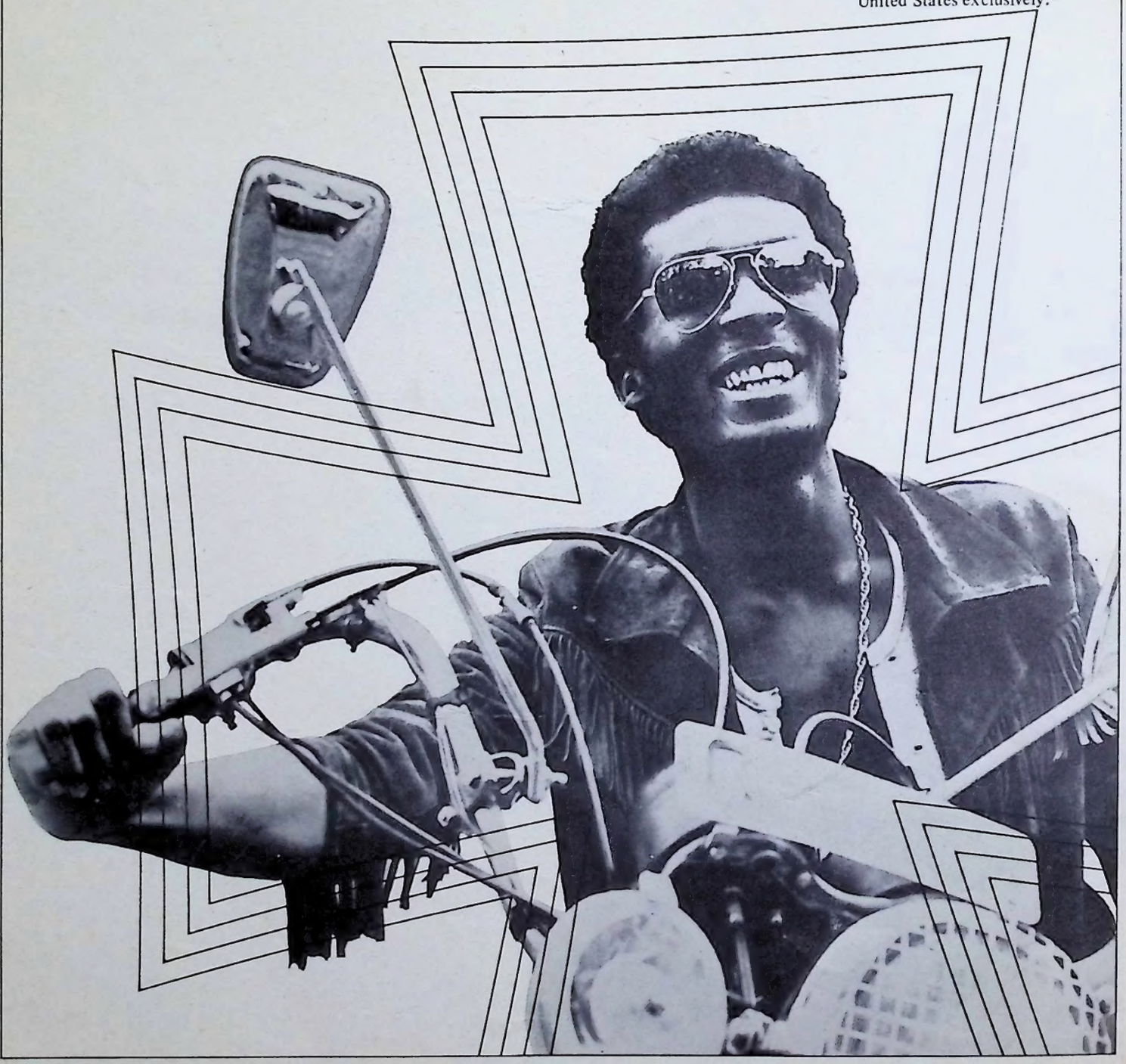

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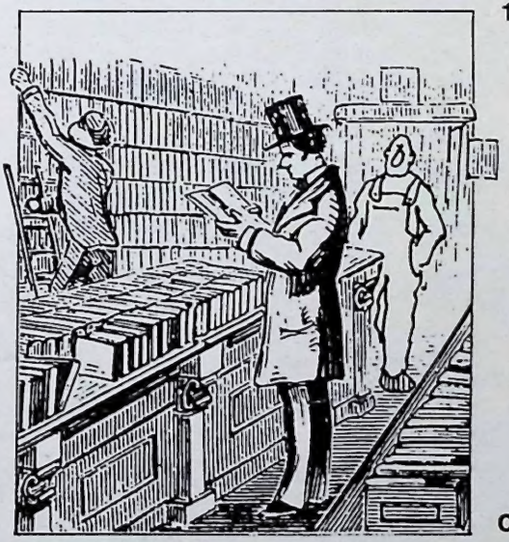

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EDITOR/PUBLISHER: Peter Lebensold. **EDITORIAL DIRECTOR:** Joe Medjuck. **ART DIRECTION:** Orange Fog. **ASSOCIATE EDITOR:** Michael Goodwin. **BOOK EDITOR:** Glen Hunter. **CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:** Kay Armatage, Ronald Blumer, James Monaco. **CORRESPONDENTS:** *Montreal* René Rozon, Jean-Pierre Tadros; *New York* Bob Cowan; *Paris* Geoffrey Minish, George Lellis; *Rome* Gideon Bachmann. **PROMOTION MANAGER:** Alan E. Bennett. **ASSISTANT TO THE PUBLISHER:** Pamela Chichinskas.

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FEEDBACK

We welcome communications from our readers, but can seldom accommodate letters over 500 words long. The editors assume that any letter received (unless otherwise stated) is free for publication.

Ken and John and Alex

Glen Hunter's review of both *An Appalling Talent*, by John Baxter, and *Hollywood, England*, by Alexander Walker (in Vol. 4 No. 6) overpraises both books and some further elucidation may be in order, just in case your readers are thinking of paying out money for these tomes.

An Appalling Talent does at least recognize Russell's talents, which makes one wonder why Baxter has never bothered to defend him in the columns of either *Sight and Sound* or *The Monthly Film Bulletin*, to both of which he contributes. But Baxter's personal contribution to assessing or describing Russell's work is negligible (he spends the whole first page in telling us he is "Britain's leading expert" on Russell), and only the interview (half the book; edited into a monologue) is valuable; so shouldn't Russell be credited as co-author?

Alexander Walker's comments on Russell in his book are surprising in that they are not more vehement; most are merely condescending, a few even quite kind. Insofar as Glen Hunter describes Walker as "fairly sane" in his comments, Canadian readers — and Hunter — may not know that Walker is fanatically opposed to Russell and has, in the *London Evening Standard*, savaged every single Russell film from **The Music Lovers** on as pornography and worse; his reviews have been insulting rather than critical, and hysterical rather than constructive. The element of personal abuse has been strong. It's no wonder Russell bludgeoned Walker

— *page 5*

The **British Film Institute**'s annual summer school will be held at the University of Stirling, Scotland, 26 July through 9 August. The school is aimed primarily (but not exclusively) at film teachers and, in 1975, the focus will be on "Genre: Problems and Approaches". The course fee (including all room, board and tuition) is approximately $130. Write: Summer School Secretary, British Film Institute, 81 Dean Street, London W.1.

The American Film Institute's **Internship Program** has already assigned some 66 interns to work with people like Stanley Kramer, Arthur Penn and Billy Wilder in its seven years of operation. Applications are accepted at any time: AFI, 501 Doheny Road, Beverly Hills, Calif. 90210.

CONFERENCES AND COMPETITIONS

CBC-TV's drama department is holding a contest (open to Canadians and landed immigrants in full-time attendance at a Canadian university or college) for **one-hour dramatic scripts** (deadline is June 30). The first prize is $1000 (and there are other prizes too), considered as a twelve-month option to purchase the winning scripts (which would then be paid for at normal ACTRA rates). For further information: College Writing Contest, CBC-TV Drama Department, Box 500, Station A, Toronto, Ontario M5W 1E6.

Pola Chapelle has announced plans for the **Bicentennial Cat Film Festival** (April 1976). Any film about cats will be accepted for screening at the Festival, though the nominal theme is "Cats and Revolution". Every film (it says here) will receive a prize. February 1 of next year is the deadline, and more info can be had from Intercat, c/o Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster Street, New York, N.Y. 10012 (212-226-0010).

This year's **Robert Flaherty Film Seminar** will be held August 23 through 30 on the campus of Pine Manor Jr. College in Chestnut Hills, Mass. The seminar (now in its 21st year) will look at important contemporary and classic films made in the Flaherty tradition, and is open to filmmakers, critics, teachers, librarians, and other professionals involved in films. Applications and more details are available from Barbara Van Dyke, International Film Seminars, 505 West End Ave., New York, N.Y. 10024 (212-787-4742).

July 30 is the deadline for entries in the third annual **Northwest Film and Video Festival**, which is open to recently-completed work (in 16mm, 8mm and super-8, as well as the standard video formats) by residents of British Columbia, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana and Alaska. There is a $5 entry fee, and some $1500 in prizes. Write Bill Foster, Festival Coordinator, Portland Art Museum, S.W. Park and Madison, Portland, Oregon 97205 (503-226-2811).

This year's **Edinburgh Film Festival** (August 24 through September 6) is organizing a special event on Brecht and the cinema, and is also interested in screening (for possible inclusion in its regular program) the films of North American independent directors. The screenings will be held in June and July, and interested filmmakers should contact Lynda Myles, Director, Edinburgh Film Festival, 3 Randolph Crescent, Edinburgh EH3 7TJ (031. 225.1671).

Films (8mm or super-8) must be submitted by June 10 for the **Annual Summer Festival of the Arts**, to be held at Shasta College in Redding, California. There is an entry fee of $5 and a grand prize of $100. Rules and entry forms can be obtained from the Festival at 1065 North Old Oregon Trail, Redding, Calif. 96001 (916-241-3523).

The Board of the **Yorkton International Film Festival** has announced that the dates of their 13th annual festival are to be October 22 through 25, this year highlighted by a conference on the plight of the Canadian filmmaker. The competition itself is open to both professionals and amateurs working in either 16mm or 8mm, up to 60 minutes in length. There are 17 awards up for grabs. Write: Brian McMillan, Box 477, Yorkton, Saskatchewan, Canada S3N 2W4

Thanks to Famous Players, there are some $5000 in prizes to be won at the seventh **Canadian Student Film Festival**, being held in Montreal September 24 through 28. Any 16mm or 35mm amateur film made by a student attending a Canadian educational institution may be entered, so long as it was not made prior to August 1973. There is a registration fee of $5 per film, and there may only be one entry per student. Deadline is August 26th. For more information and entry forms: The Conservatory of Cinematographic Art, Sir George Williams University, 1455 de Maisonneuve Blvd. West, Montreal H3G 1M8; or from any Famous Players theatre.

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about the skull with a rolled-up newspaper on tv in 1971. He also called him an "old woman".

Baxter, in *his* book, mentions the enmity of these two, but plays down the bitterly personal element (why?). He also fails to mention the really intriguing fact — namely that, whereas every Russell film since **Women in Love** has been described by Walker in terms suitable for the last of the 120 days of Sodom, that particular film was not only praised by him, but also called the very best film of its year, a masterpiece. What happened between September 1969 (when **Women in Love** appeared) and February 1971 (when **The Music Lovers** opened)? Defending his aforementioned tv conduct, Russell stated (in the *Radio Times*, the BBC's journal) that Walker "despised him personally" — the truth of which is clear. Why, he didn't say.

So, Glen Hunter shouldn't praise so biased and unfair a writer (it works both ways — *Hollywood, England* is full of praise for the mediocre Bryan Forbes, who once called Walker the best writer on films since Agee). Especially not when *Take One* published Pierre Greenfield's first-rate review of **Mahler** [Vol. 4 No. 4] — and, incidentally, Baxter's book confirms Greenfield is right in calling Russell an autobiographical artist. Note that characters in **Mahler** and **Savage Messiah** are called Roth and Saltzman — as are figures in Russell's own career.

Maryl Richards
Birmingham, England

CLASSIFIEDS

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QUEBEC & ATLANTIC Provinces — Commission Sales Person: If you are presently selling 16mm films to school boards and public libraries, we need you. Contact Mitchell Woolrich, Viking Films Ltd., 525 Denison Street, Markham, Ontario L3R 1B8.

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— Claude Lelouch
in *The Montreal Star*

EXTRA The News Page

The truth 24 times per second.

Production Notes from All Over: San Francisco rumours have it that Alfred Hitchcock will soon be coming to town to film a suspense thriller based on *The Rainbird Pattern*. ... Warner Bros. will be distributing Ken Russel's **Lisztomania,** bio of the composer (played by Roger Daltrey, with Ringo Starr as the Pope); next Russell wants to film the life of George Gershwin (hopefully with Neil Diamond in the title role). ... Things have taken their natural course and NBC television has authorized the development of a series titled *Crunch*, starring Yaphet Kotto in the role he first created in **Report to the Commissioner.** ... Filming (at the Oregon State Hospital) is now completed for **One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest,** Milos Forman directing Jack Nicholson. ... Jacques Tati has started writing a new screenplay, called **Confusion.** ... Also in France, Agnès Varda, who lives on la rue Daguerre, has started shooting **Daguerrotypes,** a kind of collective portrait of her neighbourhood; at the same time, she has just completed the scenario for a film she will shoot next, **One Sings, the Other Doesn't** , about the lives of two women over a 15-year span. ... Can it be that Richard Lester will be making a film in the States again? Starring the Smothers Brothers? ... Robert De Niro is to play the Munroe Farr role in Sam Spiegel's production of **The Last Tycoon** (with, now that Mike Nichols has bowed out, Elia Kazan directing Harold Pinter's adaptation of Scott Fitzgerald's novel). Spiegel and Kazan last worked together on something called **On the Waterfront.** ... Dino De Laurentiis announces that he has signed Peter Bogdanovich to produce, direct and write the screen adaptation of Peter Maas's *The King of the Gypsies*. ... Ingmar Bergman, for his part, has revealed that his next project is to be a television series called *Face to Face,* about a psychiatrist (Liv Ullman) who tries to commit suicide and is helped by close friend and doctor Erland Josephson. Sven Nykvist will be photographing the four-parter. ...With Francis Ford Coppola now firmly established as a member of the Board of Directors of Donald Rugoff's Cinema 5 distribution firm, the results are starting to show. The company will be distributing **The Return of the Black Stallion,** to be directed by Carroll Ballard, then **Apocalypse Now,** to be written and directed by John Milius, and Coppola's own **Tucker.** ... Sir Charlie Chaplin will be shooting his **The Freak** later this year in London; it'll be about a South American girl who has wings and can fly. ... Quebec rock super-star Robert Charlebois is now in Italy for the filming of yet another Sergio Leone western — well, the director is listed as Damiano (**My Name is Nobody**) Damiani, but Leone's producing, writing the script and "supervising" the direction. Starring alongside Charlebois in **Genius,** will be Patrick McGoohan, Terence Hill and Miou (**Les Valseuses**) Miou. After Rome, filming continues in Arizona and Spain, and then — for Charlebois (who has already appeared in a number of Quebec-made features) there'll be two more Leone films to follow. ... Sam Peckinpah is rumoured to be setting up for another western, but this time with an all-female cast. ... Update on Ray Harryhausen (see pages 22 and 23 of last issue): cameras are set to roll this spring on the latest Harryhausen-Schneer co-production, **Sinbad at the World's End.** The film takes our Arabian Nights hero into a world of humanoid creatures. ... Federico Fellini is now looking for new backers for his projected **Casanova;** producer Andrea Rizzoli backed out when it proved impossible to get a $3,000,000 advance from any U.S. distributor — the picture's total budget was said to have been somewhere above $8 million. ... Michael Winner says that rights to Lubitsch's **The Merry Widow** have been purchased and he is to direct a re-make, possibly starring either Barbra Streisand or Liza Minnelli. ... The first of two (and possibly four) films to be made in the States by the British EMI Films is **The Nat King Cole Story,** to be shot this year on a $3-4 million budget. ... Sean Connery and Michael Caine have been signed to star in **The Man Who Would Be King;** John Huston will direct the screen version of the Kipling classic, and John Foreman will produce. ... June is now set as the starting date for filming on **Carmela,** Vincente Minnelli's long-delayed starring vehicle for daughter Liza. ... Claude Lelouch, never a man to fool around, completed shooting **Marriage** (thirty years in the life of a married couple) in 13 days. Before the end of last year, the French director had moved on to **From Right to Left,** a series of political sketches. Then it's right into **The Good and the Wicked,** which reunites Jean-Pierre Belmondo and Dominique Sanda in a dramatic comedy taking place during the Occupation. Next, a musical-comedy-western, to be shot in the States. And, finally (but still before mid-1976), a kind of documentary on Parisian taxi drivers to be made (assuming Lelouch survives) in 24 hours. ... Salvador Dali has made a film for German tv; called **Voyage to Upper Mongolia,** it's about the destructive madness of Hitler. ... Catherine Deneuve will play a deluxe prostitute who seduces policeman Burt Reynolds in Robert Aldrich's **Home Free.** ...

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The News Page

The truth 24 times per second.

If you have a high-quality independently-made film with some commercial potential, Ron Epple, at Picture Start, is in the business of finding distributors for people like you (he takes a finder's fee if he succeeds). Picture Start is at 204½ West John Street, Champaign, Illinois 61820 (217-352-7353).

Continuing in his efforts to try to find another, more congenial, home for the financially troubled Atlanta International Film Festival, director-founder J. Hunter Todd has most recently been making presentations to a private group of businessmen in the Virgin Islands.

The Tunisian censor board has banned **The Exorcist** in that country because "it presents unjustified propaganda in favour of Christianity."

That gag about the double-feature of **Earthquake** and **The Towering Inferno** being billed as "Shake 'n Bake" has given rise to the following variations: **The Damned** and **The Exorcist** ("Whip 'n Chill"), **Poseidon Adventure** and **Downhill Racer** ("Sea & Ski"), and (no offence) **The Naked Maja** and **Bridge on the River Kwai** ("Spic 'n Span"). Any more out there?

Filming has yet to be completed on **Mohammed: Messenger of God**, more than ten months after it started, with costs already over the $9 million-mark. Anthony Quinn, for one, isn't complaining though, despite other possible roles passing him by. With delay extensions in his contract, he'll be netting himself some $1½ million from the film.

The Shah of Iran is said to have hired Roberto Rossellini (see our Vol. 4 Nos. 3 and 4) to make a film dramatization of the life of Cyrus the Great, founder of the Persian Empire.

Coppola has trimmed an additional 18 minutes from the original 200 minutes' running time of **The Godfather II**.

Canadian filmmakers in need of an editor or assistant editor need only place one phone call in order to be put in touch (that same day) with five qualified people who are currently available. The clearinghouse is a service of the Canadian Film Editors' Guild. 416-535-2167 is the number.

Paramount Pictures — calling the controversial full-length animated film too hot to handle — has turned back distribution of Ralph Bakshi's $1.6 million **Coonskin** to Bakshi and producer Albert Ruddy. The film has been under attack from various elements of the black community.

In order to provide authenticity for its $250,000 Hollywood reconstruction of *The Washington Post* newsroom for the upcoming **All The President's Men**, Warner Bros. — in early May — received a shipment of actual *Post* trash. Employees, since March, were encouraged to deposit copy paper, wire copy, etc. in a specially-marked carton sitting in a corner of the paper's newsroom. One report has it that such non-authentic items as the soundtrack from **Earthquake** and a collection of Robert Redford promotional photos were successfully weeded out of the collection before shooting started.

First Artists and Warner Bros. have held their first audition, April 14 (in Hollywood), in their search for a new star to portray Bruce Lee in their upcoming **Bruce Lee: His Life and His Legend**. Among the judges: Mrs. Lee.

At various times, reports a recent issue of *Bookletter*, Shelley Berman, Alan Arkin, Zero Mostel, and Peter Sellers have all wanted to play Rabbi Small, the sleuthing hero of Harry Kemelman's highly-successful series (*Friday the Rabbi Slept Late* through *Tuesday the Rabbi Saw Red*). When Dustin Hoffman, the most recent aspirant, visited Kemelman, the author was his usual frank self. "I think you would do very well," he told the star, "because you're short and not very good-looking."

If the set of the charming **Ilse, She-Wolf of the SS** looks a bit familiar, it's probably because the picture was made on the old *Hogan's Heroes* set in Culver City.

Jon Davison, head of advertising and publicity for New World Pictures: "Ordinary rape and murder just don't make it anymore."

The director and the star of the 1965 Academy Award-winning **Shop on Main Street**, Jan Kadar and Ida Kaminska, have at last been re-united. They have signed to do a CBC-TV production, *Mandelstam's Witness*, based on Nadezhda Mandelstam's book, *Hope Against Hope*, about the author's 40-year struggle in Russia to keep alive the work and the good name of her poet husband, Osip, who was exiled from Moscow and sent to a labour camp, where he died.

After being banned from French screens for 18 years, Stanley Kubrick's **Paths of Glory** (starring Kirk Douglas) has at last opened in Paris.

One of the most popular films in Cuba, at the moment, is none other than **The Godfather**. A Havana theatre is screening a pirate print obtained from Spain.

Jean-Luc Godard's first film in some time, **Number 2**, will use video, 16mm and even — perhaps — some scenes from his **Breathless**. Another film, **How Are You?**, is to be made in much the same way.

Some of the 40 Nez Perce Indians hired as extras during the filming of the Charles Bronson starrer, **Breakheart Pass**, walked off the job briefly, protesting that they were only getting paid $30 a day, while the cowboys were getting $100.

Charles Aznavour and François Truffaut have finally ended their 13-year feud — which started while Truffaut was directing Aznavour in **Shoot the Piano Player**. Liza Minnelli played the role of peace-maker — and now Truffaut is planning a film to co-star Minnelli and Aznavour.

Italy's current (worsening) political and **economic crisis** is beginning to take its toll in the film industry there. With banks no longer willing to accept the promissory notes that have kept cameras turning the last couple of decades, several big movie projects have had to be put off indefinitely.

Among the top ten **postal attractions** (as determined by a U.S. Postal Service survey of mail received during 1973), were one baseball star (Henry Aaron, who drew 900,000 pieces of mail and led the pack), four pro-footballers, and five tv performers (Dinah Shore was a distant second at 60,000 letters; Johnny Carson was third at 52,000; Alan Alda, of *Mash*, was in fourth place with 48,000; and Randolph Mantooth and Kevin Tighe, both of *Emergency*, were fifth and tenth respectively).

Variety points out that in **Airport 75**, Dana Andrews is the pilot of a private plane that crashes into an airliner piloted by Efrem Zimbalist Jr. Fourteen years ago, in **The Crowded Sky**, Zimbalist piloted a private plane which crashed into an airliner — which had Dana Andrews at the controls.

Jean-Louis Comolli — editor-in-chief of *Cahiers du Cinéma* — is to direct his first feature film, **Cécilia**, about an attempt to found a communal society in 19th-century Brazil. ... Filming is still continuing on Bertolucci's $6.5 million spectacular, **1900**, about social strife in Emilia during the past 70 years. Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Robert De Niro, Gerard Depardieu, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, Stefania Sandrelli, Romolo Valli, Laura Betti and Alida Valli lead the cast. Christmas, of this year, is the scheduled release-date.

YASUJIRO OZU: An appreciation

by Larry Smith

Ozu's films are snail-paced. Minutes can elapse in silence and characters can spend five minutes greeting each other. Indeed it is this leisurely tempo which partially accounts for Ozu's reputation as the most Japanese of directors. Kurosawa, the most Western of major Japanese auteurs, can inject elements reminiscent of the Noh theater into **Throne of Blood** or of the Kabuki into **Yojimbo,** but at no point in any Kurosawa film do we feel close to the spirit of the Noh or Kabuki. With Ozu, however, the whole gestalt of a film has the decidedly slow, infinitely mannered flavor of classic Japanese stagecraft. It is mainly the Noh to which Ozu is tied; there is a consistency of austerity common to both. In one film, **Floating Weeds,** Ozu conjures up all of the magniloquence of Kabuki at the expense of Noh reticence. But this is only natural: **Floating Weeds** is about Kabuki actors. Elsewhere, the key word is restraint.

But let's face it — there is an inescapable tedium in Ozu's films. I believe that most moviegoers either consciously or unconsciously avoid Ozu even as they feel obligated to verbally acknowledge his genius. I, for one, have never felt any such obligations and I don't mind admitting that Antonioni and Bergman bore the hell out of me. And yet I never avoid Ozu, even as I brace myself for the slowness of the films. Why, I wonder. What is there in his work which renders the tedium negligible, the pace irrelevant? It is not merely quality, not merely excellence of character, cutting, mise-en-scène, acting, etc. None of these attributes are enough to compensate me for tedium.

There are a number of unique qualities in Ozu which may suggest his irresistibility. The first which comes most obviously to mind is that, beyond the frequent tedium, there is nothing else with which he can faulted. An artist whose work is demanding had better be sure he's going to reward his patient appreciators with a flawless performance. And Ozu most certainly does; the only detraction I can make is the background music he chooses, always syrupy and frequently unendurable. But that's all, and the music is never fatally obtrusive. Consider the characters: many of them are quiet, equanimous, enigmatic without ever being self-dramatizingly mysterious. And when they do reveal themselves, in words or gestures, the effect can be overpowering. There is one woman in **The Tokyo Story** who seems almost one-dimensional. She is considerate and good-natured, and, in treating her parent's generation with their due respect, she seems to function as nothing more than a foil to the shallow cant and selfishness of her peers. When, however, a younger and also sympathetic woman declares, toward the end of the film, that "life is disappointing," her elder responds, "yes, it is." This response is couched behind the same sweet smile which she has worn all along, but the depths of self-realization and reconciliation to existence revealed by this simple affirmation of life's shortcomings are fathomless. This way of developing character again points to Ozu's essential Japanese-ness. All character is concealed, and only certain shades of circumstantial coloration can reveal it. Restraint, above all else.

If character is the most immediately impressive of Ozu's achievements, his cinematic technique and the performances he elicits are also perfect. To repeat — without these perfections, one would angrily reject Ozu for subjecting us, his Western audiences, to such minute details and deliberate pace. Some might attack his films as basically more theatrical than cinematic; I even began by comparing his work to the Japanese theater, particularly the Noh. This view however, utterly ignores Ozu's peerless talent for montage. A good example of Ozu's montage are his frequent cuts from an individual to his whole physical setting: from, in other words, the particular to the general. In **The Tokyo Story,** there are at least six emphasized cuts to the polluted skyline of Tokyo, which are interspersed throughout the film. They are not merely meant to convey a change of scene, character or episode, like a Kurosawa wipe. Quite to the contrary, Ozu's cuts to the landscape frequently seem arbitrary. They are never arbitrary, however. They are meant to portray characters as products of the landscape or as general leitmotifs. Man-as-a-product-of-landscape is the function of montage in **The Tokyo Story,** where the shallowness of relationship is tied directly to the industrialized Westernization of Tokyo itself. Montage provides a more general system of leitmotifs in **An Autumn Afternoon,** where cuts to the top of a ballpark suggest — not anything related to any of the protagonists — but the favored sport of a protagonist's best friend. Thus, the ballpark, shown in montage sequences, is a motif associable with a particular character; it is his calling card, in effect.

The function of montage in conveying a spirit of place as a progenitor of character brings us to another of Ozu's talents: the portrayal of the spirit and substance of an entire culture. This is not an easy task for a post-war Japanese artist, and particularly not for one whose values are traditional. Ozu's problem becomes not only to portray the fabric of a society in flux but to avoid either the bathos or the cynicism of a man watching the things he most values disappear. Of course Ozu is never purely objective; if he were, we couldn't identify him as a traditionalist or as a possessor of any delineable values. But, again, Ozu's values, his anti-Westernism, are communi-

cated with the utmost restraint. In **The Tokyo Story,** the dislike is more apparent, since it is communicated in the story itself. But the real communicator of Ozu's traditionalism, even in **The Tokyo Story,** is his mise-en-scène. In the same way that character can be conveyed through gesture, so too is Ozu's attitude toward the West conveyed through the small and often barely perceptible objects which comprise the material of an Ozu shot. In **The Tokyo Story,** a Brillo box sitting on the kitchen floor bespeaks all of the plasticity, all of the Western superficiality, which serves also to destroy the respect and inter-generational communication that had once been natural to Japanese society.

A very interesting fact about Ozu's films, however, is that his criticisms, and the people he dislikes, are never as interesting as the characters he likes and loves. Thus, the quiet, at times almost docile, husband in **The Flavor of Green Tea Over Rice,** is far more interesting than his bitchy wife; the sympathetic characters of **The Tokyo Story** are infinitely more interesting (and less predictable) than their counterparts, and the main character of **An Autumn Afternoon** is a joy to know. This fact, that the good guys are more fascinating than the heavies, is true because of Ozu's very traditionalism. One of the qualities which he values most in man is a combination of restraint and acquiescence, the ability to understand what is going on around you and embrace it, either by serenely understanding that it cannot be changed or by enjoying it as a satisfying human experience. The ability to serenely embrace is a fascinating characteristic; thus, Ozu's heroes and heroines fascinate. Alienating and alienated bitches and bastards are all too familiar to us.

There are, finally, certain motifs in Ozu which transcend the specific time and place in which they are set; by the same token, they further illumine post-war Japan even as they reach beyond it. One of these motifs, constantly recurring in Ozu, is the rite of passage. Consider the names of some of his films: **Late Spring, An Autumn Afternoon,** etc. In **An Autumn Afternoon,** we have both marriage and death; death is implicit in the film. We can only sense, we are not shown, that the protagonist is setting his lands in order before he dies. In **The Tokyo Story,** the rites of passage are similarly twofold. There is death and there is loss of children; the latter is also evident in **Floating Weeds.** Indeed Ozu may be the only artist who has portrayed alienation from or loss of children as a rite of passage. In **The Tokyo Story**, death and loss of children are almost inseparable; in **Floating Weeds**, the father is able to initiate a whole new set of wanderings after he is separated from his son.

Loss of children in **The Tokyo Story** derives from failures of communication; in **Floating Weeds,** the separation is a natural result of growth. Both father and son are eventually liberated, however painfully. Of course Ozu is too much the traditionalist to value this sort of liberation. But **Floating Weeds** is atypical Ozu. It is a film of which the purpose is not to portray the tragic disintegration of Japanese values. Anomalously enough, Ozu is here dealing with an innately rakish element; the film, after all, is not entitled **Floating Sunflowers.** And the fact that Ozu can love the characters of **Floating Weeds** testifies to the fact that Ozu's traditionalism is not strait-jacketed by any stultifying narrow-mindedness. What is also interesting about the film is that the "weeds" are Kabuki actors; thus Ozu gently satirizes a whole culture of traveling performances. Perhaps this traditionalist is even more of a conservative than his familial concerns would indicate; perhaps, in other words, this traditionalist, whose affinities are certainly with the mannered restraint of Noh, views the frequent raucousness of Kabuki in the same light as we view a traveling medicine show. At any rate, **Floating Weeds** is thoroughly remarkable.

Ozu's concern with the rite of passage punctuates a larger concern with the family. It is, however, a misleading cliché to say that Ozu's primary concerns are with the family. The family is the nucleus of the society and thus a convenient microcosm in which the larger societal drift can be seen. The main target is always the society outside the family. Westernization hangs like a knife over the family in **The Tokyo Story;** in **An Autumn Afternoon,** where the family is more cohesive, more spiritually interrelated, there is still that pressing boulder from the West, never directly intimidating but always omnipresent. In the film, made in the 1960s, the fact of World War II is never forgotten. The war and Japan's defeat provide an ever-recurring topic of conversation in the saloons; that these combat-related conversations are extremely funny does not alleviate the preoccupying painfulness with which these characters still recall the war. Again, this painfulness is never explicit; it is always subtle, revealed in a partial gesture or half-word. If nothing else, however, there is the extraordinary consumption of saki, another indicator of how pressing are the tensions of Westernization, in **An Autumn Afternoon.** The main character, close as anyone to Ozu's ideal, is constantly coming home drunk. The family situation is healthy, but Ozu's real mark, the Westernizing society surrounding the family, presses in, literally driving one to drink.

I can now, I believe, begin to indicate the extraordinary way in which Ozu's art transcends the tedium which frequently accompanies it. I have thusfar explored the tragic way in which Westernization has demeaned Japanese society in Ozu's vision; but however brilliantly the montage or the psychologization or the mise-en-scène reveals this degradation, it's not enough — not enough to compensate for two and a half hours of painfully slow action. What does compensate us is Ozu's tragic view of existence itself, evident in even the "happy" films. This view is universal, and thus has less to do with the Westernization of Japan. Indeed, Ozu isn't always out to criticize Western intrusions; the husband in **The Flavor of Green Tea Over Rice,** another Ozu ideal, looks an awful bit like the man in the gray flannel suit. But if Westernization is tragedy's modus operandi in Ozu's Japan, and, by and large, it is, one still feels that Ozu would find tragedy here without the Brillo Box. The essence of Ozu's tragic vision is trans-cultural.

It is a tragic vision which has nothing to do with fatal flaws in character, shrieking choruses, sphinx riddles or raging Moors; nor does it contain the expressionistic ravings associable with Bergman's wretches. Ozu's vision is also profounder than any sociological context, and the Westernization of Japan is merely the condition of tragedy, the set of circumstances in which it will unfold. What precisely is Ozu's tragic vision? A literary analogy can be helpful here. In *A Passage to India,* Forster is using one particular sociological conflict — the incompatibility of the colonizer and the colonized — to show what the real tragedy of civilized man is: the fact that the constant impediments to communication — race, language, even mood — are insurmountable. With Ozu, another particular sociological conflict, the Westernization of Japan, testifies to the same tragedy. **The Tokyo Story** is the best example of this tragic vision in its purest form. How to reach out when extraneous factors move us, East or West, in currents over which we have no control? Or the tragedy itself may have nothing to do with culture; it may merely be the fact that, of two men who want to love, one stutters and the other can't stand the sound of stutterring. That is real tragedy, and the Forsters and the Ozus are the real tragedians.

Larry Smith is a poet, short-story writer and essayist who has lived in Ohio, New York and Boston. He has recently completed a volume of poetry and is beginning a short novel. His interest in Japanese film dates back to 1961.

Once one of the FBI's ten most wanted men, Albert F. Nussbaum is serving a 40-year sentence at the U.S. Penitentiary, Marion, Ill. A decade ago he made numerous unauthorized withdrawals from federally insured banks. In recent years he has had 200 book reviews published in dozens of undiscriminating newspapers across the U.S., and over 50 short stories and articles have been foisted upon a wide range of periodicals, including Alfred Hitchcock's Mystery Magazine, The American Scholar, Cinéaste, *and* Harper's Magazine. *Many of his short stories have been selected for hardcover anthologies, and he has three books in various stages of completion.* Take One *uses his material whenever it can't get something better.*

An Inside Look at Donald Westlake by Albert Nussbaum, 81332-132

ALBERT NUSSBAUM COLLECTION

The Sahara Stone and Redford in ***The Hot Rock****, the film version of Westlake's novel*

I always thought there was something wrong with the *Paris Review* interviews with writers. Then I decided I knew what it was — they forced the poor bastards to talk. Had the authors been allowed to write their answers, they might not have come across as such humorless clods. Maybe. My thinking may have been influenced ever so slightly by the fact that I'm in prison and can't ask face-to-face questions. That's possible, too.

I looked around for a suitable subject. Donald E. Westlake seemed like a winner. His *Help I Am Being Held Prisoner* pointed in that direction. Westlake's "hero" was a compulsive practical joker, and his most recent joke consisted of parking a car near an expressway interchange with a realistically painted naked female mannequin draped across its hood. The resultant 17-car pile-up earned him a prison sentence.

Fortunately (or unfortunately), some of the convicts had a private tunnel to the outside. They used it, not to escape, but to go out and commit crimes for which they were sure they would never be suspected. What better base of operations could they have than a prison? Westlake's man was taken into their confidence and reluctantly joined their schemes. Sent out to commit what was his first real crime, he thought: "It is bad companions, by God; our mothers were right." That's the kind of mind he had. Westlake had given it to him.

I knew that Westlake had written at least 30 books in the last 15 years and that a fair percentage of them had made it to the screen. He was also the holder of one of the Mystery Writers of America's annual "Edgar" awards for Best Novel. His output and accomplishment weren't because writing was "easy" for him. That's never the reason for success. More likely, he was one of those people who works his ass off. Perhaps I could hoax him into writing three-fourths (or more!) of an article.

I wrote him a letter, modestly explaining that I was probably the person best qualified to interview him: "I'm in prison, and the consensus is that you should be. You have a far too devious mind to be allowed to run free."

But it was other bait he snapped at. "Yes! I am interested in becoming an overnight sensation!" he replied, and the interview was on. I told him I would begin

with easy questions so he'd know what to expect and could get used to my coldly objective style. Then I launched my first missile:

Now that you have seen several of your creations transferred to film, do you subscribe to the auteur *theory, or are you one of those wise-ass scribblers who refuses to acknowledge the artistic superiority and creative transcendence of the director? (Answer by mentioning two American and two foreign directors, one of whom must be French; and relate their work to the young Orson Welles and the imitative product of Peter Bogdanovich. Use more than one sentence if necessary.)*

I love your question. Remember the scene in **The Third Man** where Joseph Cotton, the writer of westerns, is posing as a literary-type lecturer? He's asked a question about James Joyce. If you can find a still of Cotton's face when he's reacting to the question, you'll have my answer to *you,* sir. But I might have some additional things to say, so why not start a new paragraph and see?

I subscribe basically to the theory that a movie is not the book it came from, and in almost every case it shouldn't be the book it came from. I have never adapted one of my own novels to the screen. Movies are a different form, they require different solutions. A new head will see the necessary changes a lot faster. I have written three original screenplays, one of which actually became a movie — **Cops and Robbers** — and which in the movie biz is a damn good percentage. After the **C & R** screenplay was finished, I filled it out and made a novel out of it, but I have never wanted to go the other way. Screenplays are very confined, limited to the surface of things, limited in a thousand ways. A screenplay is just an outline with dialogue.

The responsibility for a movie is not as easy to define as the responsibility for a novel; I am responsible for the novel *Cops and Robbers* in a way I could never be responsible for the movie version. The *auteur* theory is simplism for eggheads. There are two kinds of people in the world: the dummies who think the actors make up their own lines and the sophisticates who know the director did it. In **C & R**, I am responsible for most; but not all, of the storyline; however, I wind up responsible for very, very few of the details along the way.

Let me give you one small example. In one scene in **C & R**, two mobsters are being interrogated by cops at typewriters. The emphasis was on one of the mobsters who was being introduced as a major character; however, the other mobster and the cop interviewing him were not ordinary actors, no, sir. The cop was a real honest-to-god New York City plainclothes detective, and the guy playing the mobster was a real-life Cadillac dealer and no stranger to the bent life. They brought a choreography to that scene that I couldn't have invented and the director couldn't have invented, either. And it was somebody else entirely who thought to have the mobster give his occupation as "wholesale meat," so the cop could look at him and say, "A butcher?" And I'm talking here about the secondary characters in the scene; so, in that three-minute segment, who's the *auteur*?

There are directors who write their own scripts, and who have a total inner vision of the movie from in front plus the strength to make it happen the way they see it. Bergman, Fellini, probably Woody Allen. There are directors who enforce their own craziness, or determination, or whatever on other people's material (and who consistently choose the same type of material) like Hitchcock. But if I told you you were about to see a Richard Fleischer film, what would you expect to see? How about Robert Wise? William Dieterle? Norman Jewison? Tony Richardson?

No one individual is ever totally responsible for a movie. *Auteur* theory people, frightened by complexity, wind up singing the praises of a lot of traffic cops. The director, because he's there when the thing is being shot and is in charge of filming and editing, has a chance to be responsible to a greater extent than the screenwriter, *if* he has the strength and desire.

How many books have you written? Had published? Do you care whether your pen names are known, or are they simply a device to signal the reader what to expect?

I have written about 80 books. 76 have been published. I don't mind telling you about 50: 21 Donald E. Westlakes, 20 Richard Starks, 5 Tucker Coes, an Ace paperback science fiction novel called *Anarchaos* by Curt Clark, a fat political suspenser called *Ex Officio* by Timothy J. Culver (paperback title, *Power Play*), a children's book called *Philip* by D.E. Westlake, and a Hailey-type parody called *Comfort Station* by the vibrant J. Morgan Cunningham. The pen names are simply brand names, used to differentiate the types of books. I don't mind owning up to them.

With all the books you've written, you must really burn up your word machine. What do you consider a good day's output? A bad day's output? Reason to rejoice?

I have no sensible way to define my output. *Pity Him Afterwards* was written in 11 days. The last book I did, which really should have been easier, took five months. When I was writing the books about which I will not speak, I had a set schedule of 15 pages or five thousand words a day for 10 days, at which time the book was finished no matter *what* the characters thought. If I work every day from the beginning of a book till the end, my production rate is probably three to five thousand words a day — unless I hit a snag, which can throw me off for a week or two. But if I work every day I don't do anything else, because everything else involves alcohol; and I don't try to work with any drink in me, so in the last few years I've tended to work four or five days a week. But that louses up the production two ways: first in the days I don't work, and second, because I do almost nothing the first day back on the job. This week, for instance, I did one or two pages Monday, five pages Tuesday, five Wednesday, 14 Thursday, and three so far today.

"...The *auteur* theory is simplism for eggheads..."

When do you write?

During my second marriage I used to yell, "I'm sick of working one day in a row!" But you can't yell that at a girl friend. I work afternoons and nights, with no schedule, no set time, no set output, no discipline of any kind. Sometimes it works and sometimes it doesn't. Today it didn't.

Your Westlake books are (except for early work) well-known for their humor, and Richard Stark's Parker series is every bit as violent and kinky as the Bible. Why do you think they're popular?

I'll tell you a funny thing: In the early sixties, when the first Parkers came out in paperback, Richard Stark got a bunch of fan mail. (The Westlake books had gotten practically none.) And almost all of that fan mail was from inner-city urban black males. I think what they liked about Parker was that *he* had chosen to reject society, rather than the other way around. He was the prowling outsider, but it hadn't been forced on him. Or maybe not.

That fan mail trickled out in the late sixties, by the way, and now all I get is sheriff's assistants in Nebraska telling me I got the guns wrong.

I have noticed that over the years you seem to have been playing musical chairs with publishers, jumping from one to another quite frequently. Was this your idea? Your agent's? The publishers'?

Everybody's. The first jump was from Pocket Books to oblivion for Richard Stark in 1965. Pocket Books underwent an editorial shift and dropped their entire line of original crime books. Unfortunately, I'd just finished the ninth book in the Parker series and made the book about Grofield, a secondary character, not Parker. Well, I couldn't very well peddle the Parker series elsewhere with a book in which Parker didn't appear, so the Grofield series was born at Macmillan. Parker finally found a home at Fawcett Gold Medal a couple of years later, but none of us were ever very happy with one another, and after four books we quit by mutual agreement.

Meanwhile, Richard Stark did three Grofield books for Macmillan, during

"...St. Francis of Assisi couldn't care about seventeen pictures in six years..."

which time I worked with four editors there. With these three, an anthology with Phil Klass (William Tenn) and *Up Your Banners* I had five books published by Macmillan, and not one of them ever came out when the editor who'd bought it was still working there. So Grofield's fourth excursion went to World, where there was a pleasant editor named Jim Wade. He is still there, though I haven't done any more Grofields.

Back to Westlake. There came the point when Random House (which had published my first 11 books and was already doing the Tucker Coes) had to decide whether to extend a little more for me or not. My agent put them into a competitive position with Simon & Schuster, who promised me the world and the stars and the moon, and Random House dropped out of the bidding, though Coe stayed there and later the Parker series went there. (Parker is still there. Lee Wright, the woman editor at Random House, is the top of the pyramid in the mystery field and has been ever since she started Inner Sanctum at Simon & Schuster back in the thirties.) S & S turned out not to have the moon and the stars, nor much of the world, and after five books we skedaddled (that's not the editorial we, that's my agent and I) to M. Evans, where I'm just so happy I skip and dance and go tra-la-la all day.

Paperback reprint is a different matter entirely, over which I have little control.

How many of your books have been made into films?

Nine:

1. *The Hunter*, Richard Stark — **Point Blank**, 1967, screenplay by Alexander Jacobs and David & Rafe Newhouse, directed by John Boorman, produced by Judd Bernard and Robert Chartoff (a Judd Bernard-Irwin Winkler Production), MGM.

2. *The Outfit*, Richard Stark — **The Outfit**, 1974, screenplay and direction by John Flynn, produced by Carter deHaven, MGM.

3. *The Score*, Richard Stark — **Mise à sac (Pillaged)**, 1967, screenplay by Claude Sautet, Alain Cavalier, Oscar Danziger, directed by Cavalier, produced by Danziger, UA (never released in the U.S.).

4. *The Jugger*, Richard Stark — **Made in USA**, 1967, screenplay and direction by Jean-Luc Godard, produced by Georges de Beauregard, Rome-Paris Films (not yet released in the U.S. because I had to sue them intercontinentally).

5. *The Seventh*, Richard Stark — **The Split**, 1968, screenplay by Robert Sabaroff, directed by Gordon Flemyng, produced by Irwin Winkler and Robert Chartoff, MGM.

6. *The Busy Body*, Westlake (at last!) — **The Busy Body**, 1966, screenplay by Ben Starr, directed and produced by William Castle, Paramount.

7. *The Hot Rock*, Westlake — **The Hot Rock**, 1972, screenplay (a damn good one, better than the movie) by William Goldman, directed by Peter Yates, produced by Hal Landers and Bobby Roberts, 20th Century-Fox.

8. *Bank Shot*, Westlake — **Bank Shot**, 1974, screenplay by Wendell Mayes (yech!), directed by Gower Champion (yech!), produced by Hal Landers and Bobby Roberts, UA.

9. *Cops and Robbers*, Westlake — **Cops and Robbers**, 1973, screenplay by Westlake (actually, because it's an original, the credit line reads "written by"), directed by Aram Avakian, produced by Elliott Kastner, UA.

*Who starred in the French films, **Mise à sac** and **Made in USA**?*

Mise à sac — cast list in *Variety*, my only source — Michel Constantin, Daniel Ivernel, Franco Interlenghi, Irene Tunc, Paul Le Persen. Because the character's names were changed to French names, I don't know who played what.

Made in USA — Parker was played by Anna Karina. A friend of mine, referring to this and Lee Marvin (**Point Blank**) and Jim Brown (**The Split**), said, "So far, Parker has been played by a white man, a black man and a woman. I think the character lacks definition."

What was/is your problem with Godard? Don't you feel a little sheepish for causing trouble for an internationally acclaimed cinematic genius? Have you no respect for your betters? Or do you think fingers should be slapped whenever Fate or Justice decrees?

My problem with Godard was/is that he let himself be put in the middle. A French producer named Beauregard wrote my agent asking to buy movie rights to a Richard Stark "Parker" novel called *The Jugger*, which happens to be the worst book I ever wrote under *any* name. Maybe the French version was different. Anyway, we sold it to him for $16,000, in eight monthly installments of two grand, and one failure to pay would revert the rights to me. Meantime, Beauregard had put all his money into a movie either about a whore becoming a nun or a nun becoming a whore, I'm not sure which, and when he was finished the French government told him he couldn't (a) show it in France, or (b) export it. Which didn't leave much of a market. He didn't say anything to us, ask for extensions or anything; he just disappeared after making three payments.

Time passed. A girl I know who was living in Paris wrote to say she'd seen my movie. What-what? Correspondence ensued, and here was this movie called **Made in USA**, and Godard had said in an interview in a French cinema magazine that it was based on a thriller by Richard Stark. What had happened, Godard had been making **Two or Three Things I Know About Her**, and to help out his old friend Beauregard, who was financially strapped, Godard took my book — which he thought was Beauregard's property — and in 12 afternoons made **Made in USA**. (If you see it, you'll wonder what he did the last three afternoons.) Godard had changed things around so much that Beauregard may have figured the film could be considered an original, but he didn't tell Godard, who innocently blabbed.

Now comes the lawsuit. An intercontinental lawsuit, taking three and a half years, at which I win, hands down. Absolutely. Because Beauregard is still broke, there's no financial restitution possible, so we hold out for North American distribution rights. (We'd blocked the film's showing in the U.S. for just that reason.) Fine. The French court awards it to us. However, the film is partly Godard's copyright. The movie can't be shown without my permission, but it can't be shown without *his* permission, either. And he won't sign. He isn't holding out for money or anything like that; he just doesn't like those fat American capitalists dumping on his sweet friend Beauregard.

*Besides **Cops and Robbers**, Elliott Kastner has put together some very successful projects. In discussing the picture, you didn't characterize Kastner. Was this because you fear a slander suit? Love him like a brother and don't want to bandy his name about? Or think you may be able to swindle him again if you keep your cool?*

Elliott Kastner is a living legend. Seriously. When producers sit around to shoptalk, they tell Elliott Kastner stories. I will tell you about him. I was here one day, at my typewriter, and the phone rang. "Hello, I'm Elliott Kastner, calling you from my office in London. I think the world is ready for another **Rififi**, and I think you're the man to write it. Why don't you send me a letter with an idea or two?"

I had never written anything for the movies, not really, and I had no idea who this nut was. I asked around, and he had produced **Harper** among other movies, and I know Bill Goldman, who wrote the screenplay for **Harper**. I called Bill and asked him about Kastner, and he said, "Did anybody else call you like that?" "No," I said, "he's the first." "That's Elliott," Goldman said. "You're about to be hot, and he'll know it before anybody else." Goldman also told me that Elliott was not a movie producer, but that he was a packager, and that his projects got made.

In writing books, of course, what you do is more important than how often you've done it, but in writing screenplays a credit is better than no credit at all. That you've written a piece of shit that got made is one up for you; that you've written three beauties that have not been made is three down for you. If a producer gets his projects made, what more

can you want from the man? So I put together a story idea and sent it to Kastner, and he phoned and said no.

Then he said an associate of his, Jerry Bick, was coming to New York, so why didn't we talk? So Jerry Bick and I met, and we talked about how New York looked worse to Bick every time he came back from London, and the idea of **Cops and Robbers** was born.

At first Michael Winner was going to direct — Winner co-produces his films, and thus Kastner wouldn't have to pay him anything in front — but Winner's prior commitments elsewhere got in the way, and Kastner scrounged around and came up with Aram Avakian, who had had a reputation for being difficult just long enough to be hungry enough to not be difficult. (I'll wait for you to work your way through that sentence. Ready? Onward.) So he got Aram on the cheapo, and meanwhile United Artists — whose pocket Elliott was picking this time — had bought **Lenny** for Dustin Hoffman, leaving the Broadway star of *Lenny*, Cliff Gorman, up for grabs. Why not get Gorman, too? Since he wasn't coming with **Lenny**, he too was cheap; an Emmy winner cheap. (Do you suppose the pyramids were made this way?) I don't know how Joe Bologna got into it, maybe it was the first time his wife let him out of the house alone. Elliott, having assembled this square-wheeled package, disappeared, returning the night of final shooting to pat everybody's back, smile nervously, and depart again.

I heard this exchange of dialogue between Elliott and another producer at dinner one night: Other producer: "You ever get that tax problem straightened out?" Kastner: "All but a hundred fifty thousand of it." I wish I could write dialogue like that.

Early in our relationship, Kastner said these two sentences to me in a row, very earnestly and seriously: "I've made seventeen pictures in six years. I've never made a picture I didn't care deeply about." St. Francis of Assisi couldn't care about seventeen pictures in six years.

One last thing about Elliott: I like him.

Is there a filmmaker whom you esteem greatly?

No. John Huston wrote and directed two of the best movies ever made, **Treasure of the Sierra Madre** and **The Maltese Falcon**, but look what he's done to us lately. His last picture that was any good was **Beat the Devil**, and *there's* a picture to drive *auteurs* mad: Capote inventing the screenplay on the set, Lorre being told one day there hadn't been time to write his dialogue for the scene, so just go in there and pretend to be somebody who has to stall those people in that room, and so on, and so on. **Beat the Devil** was in 1954.

No one has ever criticized anything about your books except their style and content, so there must *be a few things coming up, right?*

Finished, and due out in the spring, is a nasty comedy called *Two Much*, about a guy who meets twins and pretends to be twins himself so he can score on them both. Then he marries them both, murders them both, inherits their millions and lives happily ever after.

Unlike book agreements, movie deals never get completed. Sorry — finalized. There are, as usual, several of them snuffling around my leg at the moment. I mean deals for me to write something for the movies. Also, more of my books have been sold to the movies than have been made into movies. Like so:

1.* *The Fugitive Pigeon*, Westlake — sold to Max Youngstein and Columbia Pictures in 1964, screenplay by Richard Maibaum, no movie.

2. *The Damsel*, by Richard Stark — optioned by John Bennett in '66 or '67, option lapsed.

3. *The Spy in the Ointment*, by Westlake — optioned by somebody named Morris in '66 or '67, option lapsed.

4.* *Kinds of Love, Kinds of Death,* by Tucker Coe — bought for Robert Mitchum by somebody, that's all I know, no movie.

5. *God Save the Mark*, by Westlake — optioned by Campbell, Silver, Cosby for Bill Cosby in 1967, option renewed, no movie, option lapsed. Also, screenplay done by yours truly with Buddy Hackett in, I think, '69, nothing happened, no movie. (That wasn't really a case of me adapting my own work; it was a case of me organizing Hackett's flights. He's a genius, by the way.)

6.* *Murder among Children,* by Tucker Coe — bought by somebody, paid for, no movie.

7. *Who Stole Sassi Manoon*, by Westlake — an early *Cops and Robbers*. I wrote an original screenplay for Palomar, no movie, but I'd retained publication rights and I novelized the screenplay.

8. *Somebody Owes Me Money*, by Westlake — bought by United Artists, 1972, for Elliott Gould. Screenplay by Allan Dennis. In Limbo at the moment.

9.* *Deadly Edge*, by Richard Stark — bought by Hal Landers and Bobby Roberts, 1972, screenplay by Don Peterson, everybody hates it, probably no movie.

10.* *Help I Am Being Held Prisoner*, by Westlake — bought by Hal Landers and Bobby Roberts, 1973, screenplay by Carl Reiner, hated by everybody, probably no movie. (This and the other four marked with asterisks will now sit on the shelf. No movie, no turnback to me, no chance to do *anything*.)

Okay, you've told what you've done and what is on the horizon, but what do you see for yourself in the long, l-o-n-g view — like next month and beyond. Put simply, what do you want to be remembered for ten years after you're dead that you haven't achieved, yet? Take your time with this one. You have a full minute to answer.

Several years ago David Susskind was allegedly going to buy movie rights to one of my books. It didn't work out, but in the course of it he told me he'd checked into my other movie deals, including an option that Bill Cosby had taken on *God Save the Mark*. Susskind had wanted to know why the movie hadn't been made, and when he'd questioned Cosby's business partner the fella said, "Bill decided he only wants to make posterity pictures." Susskind told me this, and we both laughed, and then I said something like, "It's tough enough writing for the people alive right now. I thought Cosby was smarter than that." And Susskind said, "Never expect brains from an actor." I don't know if this answers your question or not, but it's the only paragraph I intend to put here.

All right, what do you think the people alive right now want?

I have felt for some time, with growing conviction, that there weren't any stories around to be written. I haven't been able to do a Richard Stark novel in a year and a half, the comedy caper is dead, storylines are drying up like African cattle. Storylines reflect, refer to and attempt to deal with their period of history, and that's why they become old and obsolete and used up. Another reason is that the same story gets done and done and done and done, and suddenly one day nobody wants to read or hear or see that story again. And another reason, come to think of it, is that all of the gold in that vein has been mined, and there's nothing left; for example, the screwball comedy of the thirties, young lovers, one rich, one poor. The rich-poor thing was made obsolete by the end of the depression, but the gags and situations and potentialities were wrung out of the story by then anyway.

And at this moment, *everything* is used up. Maybe the problem is that the times really *are* changing. None of the stories we now have properly reflect things anymore. Are you going to have a couple in your story? What's their attitude about marriage? Are you going to have a rich hero? What's his attitude about money, about poor people, about other rich people? We don't know what the new myths are going to be because we don't know what the world looks like right now.

The result is a mis-named nostalgia. The movies are frankly set in the past. We can believe in **Chinatown** only because it doesn't claim to be telling us about us. That isn't nostalgia, that's re-runs. The book publishers and movie makers and TV factories have to produce *something*, but nothing contemporary feels *right*, so everybody's treading water with Sherlock Holmes and the Orient Express.

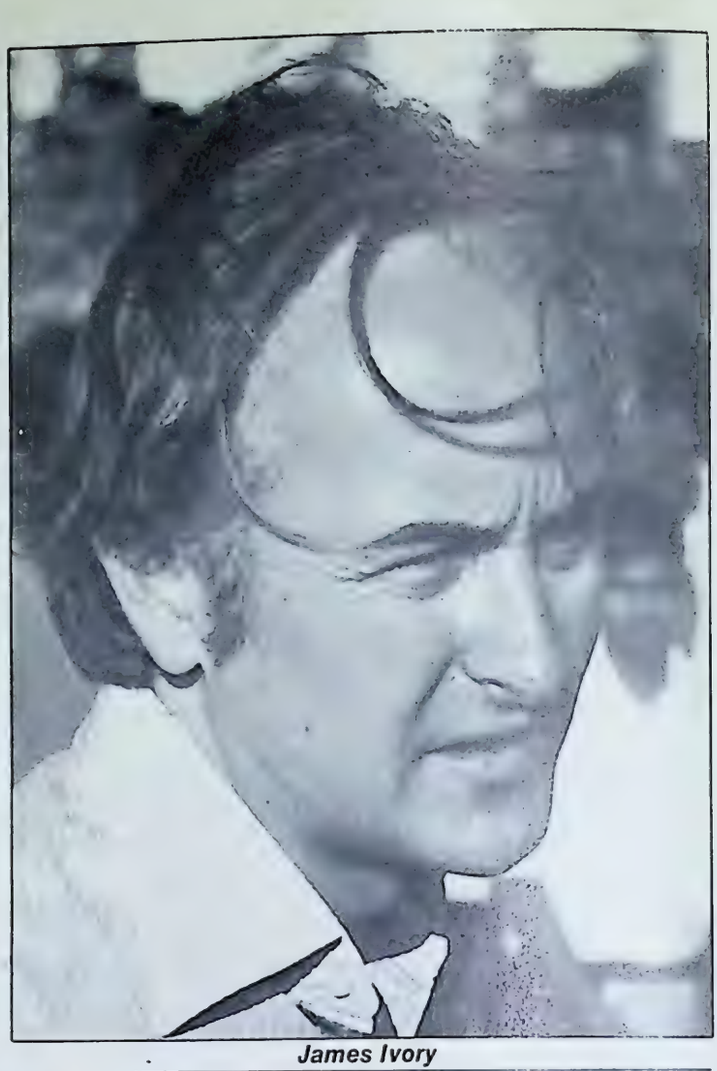
What will tomorrow's popular fiction, commercial stories look like? What are the attitudes of today that call for mythologizing? What consummations would we like to see in parable form? What are the next stories going to turn out 50 years later to have *really* been about?

You want to wrap your head around that one?

The wily interviewee turns the tables.

END

Ismail Merchant



James Ivory

The Merchant-Ivory Synthesizers

Interview by Judith Trojan

Director James Ivory studied for his Master's degree in filmmaking at the University of Southern California; producer Ismail Merchant studied for his in Business Administration at New York University. But East/West conflicts don't begin to end there. Ivory is an American from California; Merchant, an Indian from Bombay. Somehow, these two unlikely candidates for collaboration crossed paths at a screening of an early Ivory documentary, **The Sword and the Flute**, an art film on Indian miniatures, and the MIP logo was born.

Merchant, a flamboyant, passionate fellow with a penchant for promotion, had one successful film to his production credit. While Ivory, whose dream of set design blossomed into filmmaking, had several exquisite one-man documentaries in the can. Their resultant synthesis on film has run the agonizing gamut of contrasts — pulling their dramatically opposed cultures and life-styles into a workable body of celluloid in both short and feature formats. Honored with festival and art house accolades at home and abroad, they continue to work, as independents, towards commercial success in both 35mm *and* 16mm distribution. They have only just completed their first "Hollywood" extravaganza, a true departure from their intimate Indian feature films of the past. Called **The Wild Party** and scripted by Broadway composer-lyricist Walter Marks, the film focuses on the tragedy and milieu surrounding a fading, fat, silent film comedian named Jolly Grimm (played by James Coco) and also stars Raquel Welch. If that surprise is not enough, the film has been picked up for distribution by that bastion of commercialism, American International Pictures, for whom it hopefully will be a departure.

Merchant-Ivory have also completed a film for NET-TV in the States, tentatively titled **The Autobiography of a Princess**, starring James Mason and Madhur Jaffrey. **Princess** apparently retains the seminal Merchant-Ivory conflict of East/West cultures coming face to face in the guise of a few strong, universal characters.

Hope for mutual understanding between disparate cultures and traditions may only be an unfulfilled dream in their scenarios, but the Merchant-Ivory team is a viable reality. Their Indo-American product is right for an artistic medium that bridges international language barriers and demands inherent character conflict for its success.

James Ivory and Ismail Merchant were interviewed in New York early into preparation of the final cut of **The Wild Party,**

Judith Trojan, with an M.A. in Cinema Studies from New York University, is Managing Editor of Sightlines *magazine, published by the Educational Film Library Association. She also works on the staff of EFLA's annual 16mm American Film Festival, has had articles and reviews published in* Sightlines *and* Film Library Quarterly, *and written countless commercials for a large radio station in New Jersey.*

which was then still unavailable for critical appraisal. Ivory, cautious and serious, provided the meat of the interview; Merchant, the asides.

How did you make the transition from 16mm shorts to feature films?
IVORY: Ismail offered me the chance to direct my first feature; so, of course, I took *that* chance. It *was* a chance because we were making it in two versions, one in English and one in Hindi, and I didn't know any Hindi. I had never worked with actors before, so it was quite an undertaking. That film, which was **The Householder**, we then sold to Columbia Pictures. And that's how we really got started.
Yours are independent productions?
MERCHANT: Totally independent. We work all the time developing our projects, getting the scripts, the writers, our own crew. And twelve years have passed, and we have done very well. Not that we have become millionaires, but *very well* in the sense that we have established an independent identity.

IVORY: We do seem somehow to find backing for films *we* want to make, rather than have to make films that somebody else wants us to make. We've been quite lucky in that way.

Ismail Merchant (as producer)
1959 The Creation of Woman (short)

James Ivory (as filmmaker)
1953 Four in the Morning (short)
1957 Venice: Theme and Variations (short)
1959 The Sword and the Flute (short)
1963-64 The Delhi Way (short)

Merchant-Ivory Productions
(all directed by Ivory & produced by Merchant unless otherwise noted)
1963 Gharbar/The Householder (feature)
1965 Shakespeare Wallah (feature)
1968 The Guru (feature)
1970 Bombay Talkie (feature)
1970-71 Adventures of a Brown Man in Search of Civilization (short) (directed and written by Ivory; produced by Merchant)
1972 Savages (feature)
1972 Mahatma and the Mad Boy (short) (produced and directed by Merchant)
1973 Helen, Queen of the Nautch Girls (short) (directed by Anthony Korner; produced by Merchant; written by Ivory)
1974-75 The Wild Party (feature)
1974-75 The Autobiography of a Princess (feature, tentative title)

The studios, like 20th Century-Fox and Columbia, haven't put any restrictions on you?
IVORY: Never. When we made **The Guru**, for Fox, they *never* put on any kind of restriction. They never chopped the film about. They didn't even touch it. It was absolutely as I'd made it. I was always very pleased about that because that was a time when they were cutting their films left and right.

"One doesn't always have to get the so-called interpretors, like critics, to take it upon themselves to interpret a film."

Aside from the close Merchant-Ivory collaboration, you have worked with only two cinematographers, first Subrata Mitra and now Walter Lassally, and also have used Ruth Prawer Jhabvala consistently as your screenwriter. How did you get involved with her?
IVORY: Well, I had met her before we made **The Householder**, but I didn't really know her. Ismail had read the novel, *The Householder*, and decided he wanted to make that into a film. So we wrote to her and went to see her in Delhi.
What is her literary background? Is she Indian?
IVORY: No. She's Polish, brought up in England, married to an Indian living in India. She's written many novels, all of which were published here in the west, and writes all the time for *The New Yorker, Cosmopolitan,* and British magazines. She has written six scripts for us, five of which have been produced, which is pretty good!
Do both you and Ismail have a hand in the scripting, or do you give her free rein?
IVORY: Well she, being the writer of the script, has pretty much free rein. But four or five of the six scripts that she's written were collaborations. The first film that we did together was **The Householder**, based on her own novel. She wrote that script straight out of her head without even referring back to the book. Then, I got the idea to do **Shakespeare Wallah**; she became intrigued with the idea and decided that she would write that screenplay. It's a collaboration in the sense that I suggest the kinds of characters, scenes, and setting, and she develops and enlarges that to a form that makes sense in terms of a story, plot, and characters. And then I work on it a bit more to add certain scenes of my own. But they're additions really, rather than being any major kinds of redoing; and later on with subtractions, because things happen in the shooting. The script, as it comes from her, is pretty much what we shoot. So that's how we worked on **Shakespeare Wallah**, on **The Guru**, and then on **Bombay Talkie**. And we also wrote a sequel to **Shakespeare Wallah**, which is called **A Lovely World**.
And what happened to that?
IVORY: That was to be made in London, but we never were able to get financing for it. Now it's too late to do because the girl who was in **Shakespeare Wallah** is too old. It was to have carried on her life back in England. After **Bombay Talkie**, we made **Savages** here, which Ruth wasn't involved in. Then we did this film recently for NET (National Educational Television), starring James Mason and Madhur Jaffrey, for which Ruth wrote the script.
What's the name of that?
IVORY: Well, we call it now, **The Autobiography of a Princess**, which is a very inexact title because the film is *not* an autobiography in any sense. It's really about maharajahs and court life. We used a lot of footage made by maharajahs in the twenties, thirties, and forties.
Court life in India?
IVORY: Yes, but it's about other things too. It's about English people in India, what happens to them. The whole thing is really just two characters. Most of it was shot in London. A good deal of it was shot in India, too, but without actors.
So you're once again zeroing in on an intimate group of characters who represent conflicting societies, life-styles, traditions, et al?
IVORY: They're usually symbolic characters who represent different attitudes and different cultures.
And universal conflicts?
IVORY: Well, I wouldn't say that. I'm not interested in universal themes as such.
What about Savages?
IVORY: Well, **Savages** is a special case in a way. **Savages** was — I know Ismail doesn't like me to say this — but it was really something of a joke and was not ever really meant to be taken all that seriously. And in this country, it *was* taken too seriously, which is a pity. In Europe, people knew how to sit through something like that, without becoming bored or outraged.

MERCHANT: And also, it is too European in character. If it had been done by Bunuel or some European director, this snob appeal of American critics...

IVORY: Oh, I don't know!

MERCHANT: ...They would've gone and licked the boots of it and said, "Ah, what a great masterpiece has come our way!" But it was done from home ground, you know, like a prophet is never known in his country! In Europe, it has gotten the most fantastic reviews, and also did very good business.
Where does it show successfully in America? What audiences understand and appreciate it?
MERCHANT: College students. This film is one of the most sought after films in 16mm distribution. People just go and see it and enjoy it. They laugh at the right places and they get the right idea. Wherever I have gone and talked and shown the film — Yale, Harvard, UCLA — there's been enormous enthusiasm for the film, which is very satisfying. One doesn't always have to get the so-called interpretors, like critics, to take it upon themselves to interpret a film.

IVORY: There was nothing to interpret. It was just simply a humorous demonstration of the rise and fall of civilization, done within a particular context which was this house, with these mud people coming

to it, becoming civilized, and then regressing to their original state. The only things to interpret were the various scenes in the film which stood for various moments in time, of historical development, up and down the scale of civilization.

For example?

MERCHANT: Like for example, the man who's drowned...

IVORY: And when they go and rob his body. That represents such a breakdown of society which has reached the point at which the dead are no longer respected or sacred, and the tombs are being robbed and despoiled.

Those fantastic credit titles and title cards throughout were definitely a tongue-in-cheek throwback to silent films.

IVORY: Yes. Everything was supposed to be like something found in an attic. All those things, like the title cards, were supposed to be like it all had gotten mixed up; and they had, the numbers were all out of order. They had all been found and just used. But nobody appreciated that here. I mean, the people in the audiences did, but none of the critics did. They thought that was all pretentious, and silly, and what were we doing!

When you make a film, do you think in terms of future audiences, or do you think solely in terms of what you want to do with the film?

IVORY: Oh, more what I want to do. But you *should* think of who your audience is gonna be. I don't want to make films for an audience of esthetes, just average people.

*Did you make **The Guru** to cash in on the George Harrison publicity?*

IVORY: Well, "cash in" is not really the word. But that's what was usually written about it, that we had. It may have been 20th Century-Fox's motive, I don't know!

*Was it originally your idea to do **The Guru**, or did 20th Century-Fox come to you with the property?*

IVORY: It was our idea.

*Is **Shakespeare Wallah** based at all upon the Kendal family's true life story?*

IVORY: No. It isn't really.

MERCHANT: But it is like they are! They actually had toured around India performing Shakespeare as a family before the film came into existence.

IVORY: And went on doing it afterwards. But they look upon their life in India as a great success. We were using them as symbolic characters, to represent a decline of European values and the gradual disappearance of European civilization in India, which is what has happened. So the real Kendals aren't the same as their namesakes, the Buckinghams, in the film. And that's why we couldn't use the episodes from their life as scenes in the film. There's not a single scene in the film which is something that happened to them.

But had you known them before you made the film? I mean, did knowing them or having seen them perform give you the idea for this film?

IVORY: Partly. Yes. Not completely. They had a big company at first. But gradually the audience disappeared.

How have the Kendals felt about the Indian audiences turning away from theatre in favor of films, as was the basis of their downfall in the film?

IVORY: Well, not the films as such, but simply the interest in indigenous entertainment.

MERCHANT: Stage has limited appeal. You saw our film **Helen, Queen of the Nautch Girls**. Everything is done for entertainment, in the sense of escapist entertainment. You cannot have anything which is structured on reality. People want to get away from their lives, from the misery which they live in, from day-to-day hardship. Like for example, during the Depression here in this country. All the Hollywood escapist films were very popular. Box office results were very high. India still has that same escapist value in entertainment.

Are all indigenous Indian films musicals?

MERCHANT: Mostly. The majority of films which are made in India have 8 to 10 songs and dances.

How do your Indian films do in India?

MERCHANT: They are seen. They are treated exactly like foreign films.

*And something like **The Householder** is treated as a foreign film?*

MERCHANT: Yes.

IVORY: Only the English language version of it, not the Hindi version.

In several of your films, at some point, you seem to ridicule the whole guru phenomenon...

IVORY: I don't think I really ridicule the guru, as such.

Well, they're sort of depicted as superstars with blind followers.

IVORY: They *are* superstars!

MERCHANT: You can *see* through them! A con man's success in America, in the west, is more than a con man's success in India because in India there are con men on every street corner and these are the gurus.

IVORY: But you should stress something on the positive side of gurus. In India, you can have all kinds of gurus. You can have a guru who's a master of political intrigue and manipulation. He would be a guru of politics; and everybody would go to him to get his advice on how to get somebody elected or how to swing a district. *Or*, you can have a guru in some form of art. He can be a dancer, a great instrumentalist, or a singer. And everybody goes to him because he is a tremendous exponent of his particular form of art; and they learn from him and they offer up their lives, in a sense, to the guru. But what they're really offering up their lives to is to the art itself. And their own ego is kept very much to the back and out of the way, while they learn the various forms which they've got to learn. Then, there's a religious guru, who has spiritual powers. He can help people attain a certain state that they want to attain, more peace of mind, whatever! But I don't poke fun at gurus, as such. Our own guru, in **The Guru**, was presented as a great musician; he was always shown in his artistic guise as a very dignified person.

*But you do poke fun at the people who come to follow gurus from the west. The beatnik character of Ernest, in **The Householder**, for example.*

IVORY: Ernest and all those English people at that house in **The Householder** were very broad, and really caricatures. I knew nothing of such people, had never seen them, never met them. The casting possibilities weren't perhaps ideal. It was much more subtle as written than as it actually turned out because I didn't have the skill or understanding.

What about Jenny?

IVORY: You've got two kinds of disciples in **The Guru**. You have the mindless kind of devotion which Jenny has and which is partly sexual. And then you have the much more genuine attempted devotion of Tom, who is really there to try and learn to play the sitar. He comes as a professional musician to learn music from another professional musician. But, he is not prepared to go through the entire guru situation of casting out his own individuality and simply learning by rote. And that's one of the things a very highhanded guru sometimes desires. If he senses pride and other characteristics in a disciple that he thinks are going to keep that disciple from actually learning the music, or whatever he's teaching, then he's going to try and *rid* that disciple of that pride because it stands in the way of understanding. That's a perfectly legitimate thing to do. Of course, there are some gurus who want complete surrender, more or less for power reasons. That's a different kind of situation. In **The Guru**, it was a bit of both. He was supposed to be a *great* artist, but also a man with his own needs, interests, and vanities. That's not different from artists anywhere. Artists are not totally noble. They may make wonderful things, but they have a side to their character which doesn't always bear close inspection. So, it was really *that* that we were trying to show in the film. But, of course, that was misinterpreted, in India especially.

Your female characters seem to act as major catalysts/victims in the typical Merchant-Ivory conflicts — Eastern culture vs. Western culture, tradition vs. modernity, etc. How would you categorize your female characters?

IVORY: The Indian heroines are always shown *within* the framework of their own world. That gives them an added strength, and sometimes a dignity, that is denied the foreigners, who aren't Indian and who are cut off from their world, and only have really what they can carry on their backs and what they bring with them from their own cultures. But, of course, sometimes *that's* a great strength too. It was the strength of the girl, Lizzie, in **Shakespeare Wallah**. The parents thought that if she

didn't get out of India she would lose her western character. It would be submerged; and she would grow older as a kind of exile, a dislocated person. And that's why they were urging her to go on to England. Whereas, Jenny, in **The Guru**, was someone who had *left* England without even a care, she thought, and had come out to embrace everything Indian. But, as it turned out, it wasn't all that easy for her. She gradually becomes fearful and wants to go home. The English writer in **Bombay Talkie** comes to India seeking new sensations, wanting new material for a book, and hopefully to find romance. She's escaping from a world that she's had enough of, *too* much of. She can't find what she wants in India either; but she couldn't find it anywhere. She's sort of a universal, discontented type.

*There will be many people who will make the obvious comparison between Jolly Grimm in **The Wild Party** and Fatty Arbuckle's Hollywood scandals. Is the film based at all on Fatty Arbuckle?*

IVORY: No, it's *not* based on Fatty Arbuckle. It's based *rather loosely* on a long narrative poem by Joseph Moncure March called "The Wild Party," which was written in the late twenties.

Was the poem based on another real life Hollywood incident?

IVORY: No, it's a whole invented thing. In the poem, all the action takes place in Greenwich Village *at* a wild party, and it concerns New York theatre types — comics, ex-chorus girls, vaudevillians — rather than Hollywood types. Our scriptwriter, Walter Marks, took the story and set it in Hollywood of the late twenties. He made the central character of the poem into a silent movie star, played by Jimmy Coco. And because Jimmy Coco is *fat*, and because the film is set in Hollywood in the twenties, everyone just assumes that we're doing the Fatty Arbuckle story. But we're not. The Fatty Arbuckle story was sordid and tragic, and I don't think our film has that element of the sordid about it. It's tragic, I suppose.

Were you offered this project or...

IVORY: I heard about it and went to see Edgar Lansbury and Joseph Beruh, the executive producers. We showed them **Savages**, which they liked very much. They didn't have a producer either, so they offered Ismail and me the jobs. We said we wanted to do it, but that we couldn't do it just *as* written because the script that was written was much too atmospheric, in the sense that there was very little actual plot or story, and very little character development. The characters were suggested, but they were types rather than real people.

How did you go about integrating the songs and poetry?

IVORY: Poetry is easy, because it's either spoken directly to the camera by David Dukes or done in voice over. It's terribly interesting, and very theatrical. It works as a device, a sort of formal structure really, within the party itself, and at the very beginning of the film and at the very end. It's like a kind of narration that links everything together, sets the stage for various developing situations. The songs I'm not so sure about, we'll see! To me it's like an opera, where there are all kinds of super-heated emotions, a lot of singing, wonderful arias, and sometimes rather implausible tragic events at the end. This film is a bit like that to the extent that it's not an absolutely straightforward dramatic story. It has these musical interludes and the device of the poetry. So, it isn't a *realistic* film in the usual sense. It's a heightened kind of view.

Most of your films deal in some way with the film industry, especially in India. Now, you're doing your first Hollywood film and it's set in Hollywood's golden era. Since you were a film student, do you have a "Bogdanovich" reverence for old films, for the film industry per se?

IVORY: No, I don't. I'm not a nostalgia buff. My own nostalgia for things has nothing to do with films really. I make films about things that I know about. My life is making films, and so I show that world very often.

*In **Bombay Talkie**, which is a study of some characters who people Bombay's film industry, are you giving us an accurate picture of the stars and industry? Would Vikram be typical of Indian stars, the childishness, the egotism?*

IVORY: Yes. He *is* typical. Oh, yes, absolutely! In fact, it's very much played down in **Bombay Talkie**. It's much worse than that, much more extravagant, much more foolish and destructive. It is just really hard to describe. I mean, no one would believe it! That film was planned the way it was because I wanted to make a film about the Bombay film industry, as I had observed it. I had made three films in India and had seen that film industry up close. I just thought that was very good material.

Will you be making more films in India?

IVORY: Oh, sure.

Will you be making any more shorts?

IVORY: Sure, I like to make shorts. Except my shorts are very long. And this **Princess** thing just started out as a kind of documentary about maharajahs, and it gradually turned into this whole sort of, well...of course, it's not edited yet, but I think of all our films, that's the one where all the elements are in the most perfect balance.

*I read that you purchased Sylvia Plath's **The Bell Jar**. That's a very interesting rumor!*

IVORY: We never did. That was a mistake.

*What about Lillian Ross's script for **Vertical and Horizontal**?*

IVORY: We *have* an option and a screenplay on that. That film was originally going to be made by Paramount, and then they backed out of it. We didn't do anything about it for a number of years, but now we've come back to it. Maybe, it'll be made!

END

TAKE ONE:

ALLEN, WOODY

BERGMAN

BERTOLUCCI

CAPRA

de BROCA

DOWNEY

FELLINI

FORD

FRIEDKIN

FULLER

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The Boyfriend. Can:BEL. US:FI.
Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back. US:SWK?
The Busy Body. Can:PAR. US:FI.
Citizen Kane. Can:AST. US:FI.
Cops and Robbers. UA.
Death in Venice. WB.
The Devils. WB.
Dracula (1931). UNI.
East of Eden. Can:WB. US:MAB.
Entre la Mer et l'eau douce. Can:ITE.
The Exorcist. WB.
The Flavor of Green Tea Over Rice. US:NYF.
Floating Weeds. US:NYF.
The 400 Blows. Can:FAR. US:JAN.
Giant. WB.
The Guru. Can:BEL. US:FI.
Helen, Queen of the Nautch Girls. US:NYF.
The Hot Rock. Can:BEL. US:FI.
The Householder. US:RAD.
Introduction to the Enemy. ICP.
Kamouraska. CPX.
Last Tango in Paris. UA.
Late Spring. Can:LAP. US.NYF.
The Leopard. Can:BEL? US:FI.
Letter to Jane. US:NYF.
Lucky Luciano. US.AEP.
Made in U.S.A. Can:AST.
The Magnificent Ambersons. Can:AST. US:FI.
The Mattei Affair. Can:PAR.
Mon Oncle Antoine. Can:ITE. US:C5,JAN.
October. Can:ITE. US:NYF.
Les Ordres. Can:NCE.
The Outfit. UA.
Partie de Campagne. Can:FAR.
The Passenger. Can:BEL* US:UA*
The Passion of Joan of Arc. Can:CFI. US:MAB.
Point Blank. Can:UA. US:FI.
Pour la Suite du Monde. Can:NFB. US:CMH.
Private Lives. Can:BEL? US:FI.
Prologue. Can:VC. US.CMH.
Rebel Without a Cause. Can:WB. US:MAB.
Recommendation for Mercy. Can:AST.
Remember Last Night? UNI?
Rosemary's Baby. Can:PAR. US:FI.
Savage Messiah. Can:BEL. US:FI.
Savages. Can:FAR.
Shakespeare Wallah. Can:IFD. US:WR
Shanghai Express. Can:UNI. US:TWY.
The Split. Can:BEL. US:FI.
The Tamarind Seed. US:AEP.
Throne of Blood. Can:ITE. US:MAB.
Thunderbolt and Lightfoot. UA.
The Tokyo Story. Can:LAP. US:NYF.
The Wild Party. Can:AST* US:AIP*
Women in Love. UA.
Yojimbo. Can:MMP. US:MAB.

* 16mm prints may not be available currently. While based on sources we believe reliable and up-to-date, *Take One* cannot guarantee the accuracy of any of the above information, nor assume any liability for the results of any misinformation given. We will be happy to print additions and corrections in future issues.

AEP. Avco Embassy Pictures, 1301 Ave of the Americas, NYC 10019.
AIP. American International Pictures, 9033 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, Cal. 90211.
AST. Astral Films, 224 Davenport Rd., Toronto M5R 1J7
BEL. BelleVue Film Distributors, 227 Victoria Street, Toronto 2, Ont.
BUD. Budget Films, 4590 Santa Monica Blvd , Los Angeles, Ca. 90029.
C5. Cinema Five, 595 Madison Ave., New York N.Y. 10022.
CFI. Canadian Film Institute, 1762 Carling Ave., Ottawa 13, Ont.
CMH. Contemporary Films/McGraw Hill, Princeton Road, Hightstown, N.J. 08520.
CPX. Cinepix, 8275 Mayrand, Montreal.
FAR. Faroun Films, 136 St. Paul St. E., Montreal 127.
FI. Films Inc., 1144 Wilmette Ave., Wilmette, Ill. 60091.
ICP. Indochina Peace Campaign, 181 Pier Ave., Santa Monica, Ca. 90405.
IFD. International Film Distributors, 20 Bloor St. W., Toronto 5, Ont.
ITE. International Tele-Film, 47 Densley Ave., Toronto, Ont. M6M 2P5.
JAN. Janus Films, 745 5th Ave., NYC 10022.
LAP. Lapointe Films, 4651 rue St. Denis, Montreal 176.
MAB. MacMillan Audio Brandon, 34 MacQuesten Parkway S., Mount Vernon, N.Y. 10550.
MMP. Marlin Motion Pictures, 47 Lakeshore Road E., Port Credit, Ont.
NCE. New Cinema Enterprises, 35 Britain St., Toronto M5A 1R7.
NFB. Regional offices across Canada.
NYF. New Yorker Films, 43 West 61st St., NYC 10023.
PAR. Paramount Pictures, Toronto Star Building, 1 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.
RAD. Radim/Film Images, 17 West 60th St., NYC 10023.
SWK. Swank Motion Pictures, 201 South Jefferson Ave., St. Louis, Mo. 63166.
TWY. Twyman Films, 329 Salem Ave., Dayton, Ohio 45401.
UA. United Artists Corp., Suite 800, 2180 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont. and 729 7th Ave., NYC 10019.
UNI. Universal Films, 2450 Victoria Park Ave., Willowdale, Ont. and 445 Park Ave., NYC 10022.
VC. Visual Consultants, 72 Carlton St., Toronto, Ont.
WB. Warner Brothers Distributors, 70 Carlton St., Toronto, Ont. and 400 Warner Blvd., Burbank, Cal. 91505.
WR. Walter Reade 16, 241 East 34th St., NYC 10016.

16 mm News

A column of information for those among our readers who regularly book 16mm films for classroom, film society, etc. Distributors are invited to send word of new releases, etc. to 16mm News, Take One, Box 1778, Station B, Montreal, Quebec H3B 3L3. We'll print as much of it as we can.

Odeon Films Inc. (1619 Broadway, N.Y.C. 10019) announce their distribution of four short documentary films about women: **Janie's Janie** (25 mins.; a white welfare mother struggles to develop her own strength), **Diane** (27 mins.; a young South Dakotan strives to make it as an actress and model in New York), **Release** (28 mins.; a woman faces the world after four years in prison), and **Finnish Frustrations** (8 mins.; a dance-hall encounter dramatizes the oppression of a young woman in Finland). All are in 16mm (the last one is also available in 35mm) and can be bought or rented.

Marc N. Weiss (140 Waverly Place, New York, N.Y. 10014; 212-691-8064) writes to say that he is now distributing **The Bearding of the President,** an 18½-minute colour satire directed by, and starring, Rip Torn (as former-President Nixon). "What was once a paranoid comic fantasy became a prophetic vision."

Two other feminist films recently completed and now available in 16mm are **The Status of Women — Strategy for Change** (an account of the conference sponsored by the National Action Committee on the Status of Women), from the Canadian Filmmakers Distribution Centre (406 Jarvis St., Toronto), and **Learning to Read Between the Stereotypes**, from the Teaching Aids Dept., Toronto Board of Education, 155 College St., Toronto.

We are happy to see that one of our favorite films, the National Film Board of Canada's **The Family That Dwelt Apart** (8 mins., col.), is now being distributed in the U.S. by Learning Corporation of America (1350 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y.C. 10019). Based on the 1937 *New Yorker* short story by E.B. White (and narrated by White himself), the beautiful animation is by Yvon Mallette.

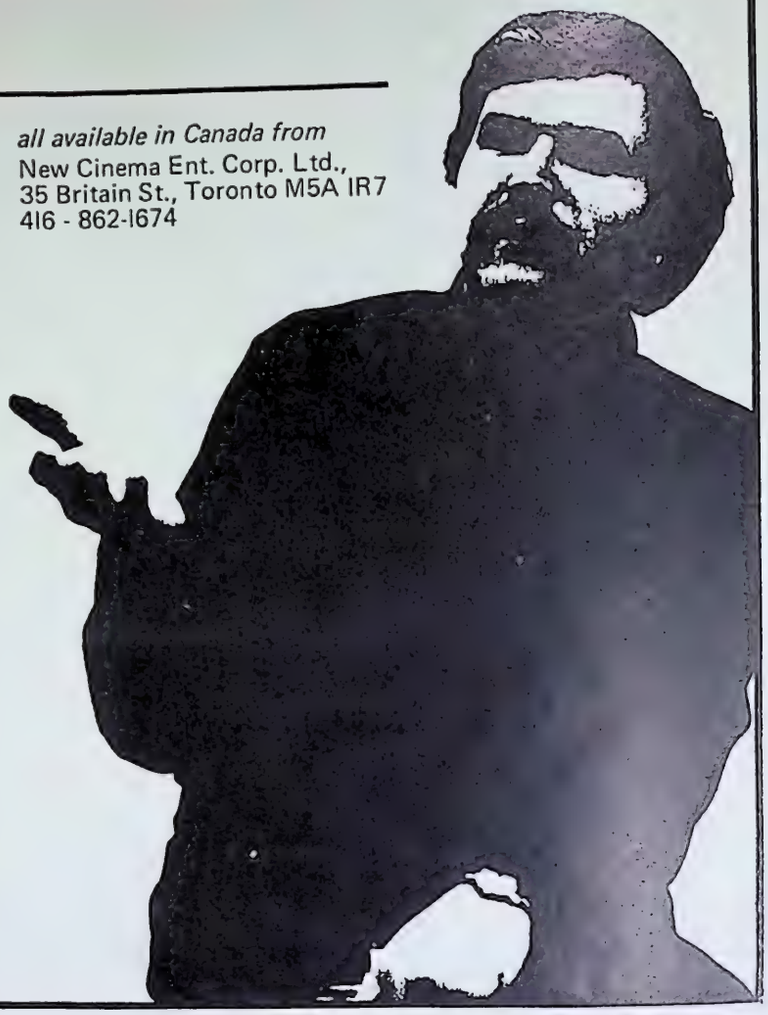
New Day Films — formerly an all-women's distribution cooperative — has just released a new colour documentary, **Men's Lives**, which examines the role of men and masculinity in American society. In the U.S., the film may be obtained through P.O. Box 315, Franklin Lakes, N.J. 07417, and in Canada from Marlin Motion Pictures, 47 Lakeshore Rd. East, Port Credit, Ontario.

The American Universities Field Staff announces the release of a series of 27 documentary films entitled "Faces of Change". The roles of women, education, social and economic systems, and the effects of modernization on values are themes explored in each of five rural settings — the Bolivian highlands, northern Kenya, Afghanistan, Taiwan, and the Soko Islands off the China Coast. For additional information, contact Fieldstaff Films, 3 Lebanon Street, Hanover, New Hampshire 03755 (603-643-2110 or 212-986-6723).

Ivy Films (165 West 46th St., New York, N.Y. 10036; 212-765-3940) announces the availability of **Le Rouge et le Noir** (Claude Autant-Lara's film version of Stendhal's *The Red and the Black*). The film won the Grand Prize of the French Film Academy as best picture, as well as best actor and actress awards for Gerard Philipe and Danielle Darrieux.

Cinema Action (35a Winchester Rd., London N.W. 3, England; 01.586.2762) has announced the availability of **The Miners Film** (b&w, 45 mins.). Actually made by the miners and other workers involved, the film documents the historic events of the miners' strike of 1974.

Stan Brakhage



all available in Canada from
New Cinema Ent. Corp. Ltd.,
35 Britain St., Toronto M5A IR7
416 - 862-1674

STAN BRAKHAGE: A RETROSPECTIVE 1955 -- 1974

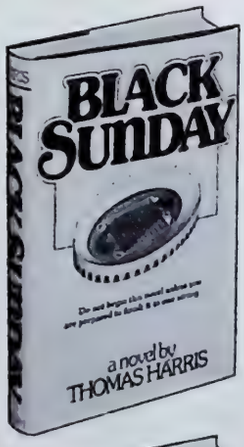
Brakhage's own compilation of shorts representing an introduction to his art. The films included in this hour and a half programme include: *The Wonder Ring, Fire of Waters, Scenes from Under Childhood (Section 1), Sexual Meditation: Room with a View, Star Garden and others.*

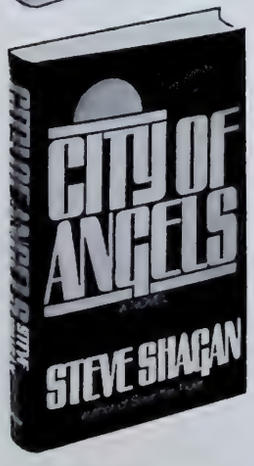
TEXT OF LIGHT
(75 min, col, 1974)

'Brakhage's most perfect film... it stands high in the Art of Film.' --Jonas Mekas

ANTICIPATION OF THE NIGHT
(40min, b&w, 1955)

A breakthrough in avant-garde cinema; Brakhage's first great masterpiece.





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as major motion pictures

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FILM

How and Where to Find Out What You Want to Know

A comprehensive guide to reference materials (indexes, encyclopediae, check-lists, periodicals)

by James Monaco
(with thanks to Glen Hunter)

As little as five years ago anyone foolish enough to try to do research in film (in English) was confronted with a mass of undigested data. The bibliographical research guides that are standard tools in other scholarly areas simply did not exist in cinema studies. If you were fortunate enough to live near one of the rare libraries that has even a moderately extensive collection of materials on film, you might be able to make some sense out of the information in card catalogues; otherwise, you winged it, depending on hearsay or days of hard legwork in the stacks. All that has changed since 1970.

We have now in English not one but three encyclopedias of film, each of which has ambitions to being comprehensive, each of which has its own special uses. In addition, there are now seven thorough indexes to periodical literature in film, four of them published within the last year. It's getting to the point where one needs an index to the indexes. Here it is. The following list is not meant to be comprehensive (there are dozens of pamphlets and out-of-print research guides which are not included), but it does survey most of the major bibliographical tools now available in the English language — books any decent cinema collection or research library should include. Most of these volumes are necessarily expensive, but a few of the books recommend themselves for a basic personal reference shelf.

Film Lists and Encyclopedias

1.
The Filmgoer's Companion, 4th ed. Leslie Halliwell. New York: Hill and Wang. 1974. 873 pp. $25.00. (In Canada: General, $30.45) Of all the current encyclopedias, Halliwell's labor of love is the only one so far to get past a first edition. The 4th version of the popular guidebook includes more than 10,000 entries in 873 pp. and it benefits greatly from the three opportunities Halliwell has had so far to revise and polish the book. The film buyer for Granada TV in England, Halliwell doesn't care very much for contemporary film and the thrust of his friendly, often humorous, and very personal reference is therefore towards the past — the Hollywood era, both in America and England. This is the only place you'll find comprehensive articles on such subjects as "Bigamists", "Waxworks", "Transvestism", "Sewers", "Staircases", and "Leprechauns" in film. Halliwell includes only 830 articles on specific films, so for production data it's necessary to turn to one of the more formal encyclopedias (see below). Yet the personal tone of **The Filmgoer's Companion** is uniquely valuable, and Halliwell should be the cornerstone of every film library. The paperback edition will be published eventually; meanwhile the 3rd edition is still available in paper for the more reasonable price of $3.95 from Avon Books (in Canada: Bonanza, $5.95).

2.
International Encyclopedia of Film. ed. Roger Manvell, Lewis Jacobs. New York: Crown. 1972. 574 pp. $17.95. (In Can-

ada: Bonanza, $13.49) A beautifully produced book, the **International Encyclopedia** has only 1280 entries (as opposed to Halliwell's 10,000) but the film index at the back of the book lists 6500 films, a considerable advantage over Halliwell. The **International** also includes a bibliography of 500 items, 32 pages of color illustrations and 1000 black-and-white illustrations. Like Halliwell, it also lists title changes of American films in Britain and vice-versa.

3.
The World Encyclopedia of Film. ed. Tim Cawkwell and John M. Smith. New York: A&W Visual Library. 1972. 444 pp. $9.98, $7.95 (paper). (In Canada: Collier-Macmillan, $16.95) Published at the same time as the **International** and remarkably similar in layout, the **World Encyclopedia** has been vastly underrated. It has long, informative essays on various facets of film history which have their own uses, but the **World** is far more valuable as an index. It has 1900 biographical entries (no subject essays, as in the **International**) and an extraordinarily useful and comprehensive film index at the back which lists more than 22,000 films and, unlike the **International,** gives full credits for each of them. The **World** is the closest thing we have to a complete one-volume reference work for film.

4.
Feature Films on 8mm. and 16mm. 4th ed. James L. Limbacher. New York: R.R. Bowker Co. 1974. 368 pp. $16.50. Limbacher's list is designed as a booker's guide and as such is unique and invaluable. But it also should appeal to those who only need a general reference since it includes data on more than 15,000 films now in 8mm. and 16mm. distribution. Limbacher first published his list through the offices of the Educational Film Library Association; the 3rd edition was taken over by Bowker, the giant of the "knowledge industry" who publish such standard reference guides as *Books in Print*. Since Limbacher only lists films *currently* distributed, the older editions have some information not included in the 4th ed.

5.
Dictionary of Films; Dictionary of Filmmakers. Georges Sadoul, translated and up-dated by Peter Morris. Berkeley: University of California Press. 1972. 432 pp. and 288 pp. $5.95 and $4.95 (paper). These companion volumes have a price range that's more realistic for individual filmgoers, but you'd probably be better off saving your money for Halliwell or the **World**, if you want a comprehensive reference book. The **Dictionary of Films** includes short essays on only 1300 films; the **Dictionary of Filmmakers** does likewise for only 1000 filmmakers. The value of the Sadoul books lies in the comments by the famous French film scholar, not in comprehensiveness. Although the two books combined list the titles of more than 10,000 films, there is no cross-referencing system, which greatly limits their usefulness.

6.
The American Cinema: Directors and Directions: 1929-1968. Andrew Sarris. New York: E.P. Dutton Co. 1968. 383 pp. $2.95 (paper). (In Canada: Clarke, Irwin, $3.50) Like the Sadoul books, Sarris's is mainly valuable for its commentary. He includes short, pungent essays on exactly 200 American filmmakers and organizes them into 11 categories ("Lightly Likeable," "Less Than Meets the Eye," "Pantheon Directors") that rival the circles of Dante's Inferno in their precise interrelationships. Of special interest are the appendices — a year-by-year list of directors' films that gives one a good sense of the development of the art, and a "Directorial Index to the American Cinema" (by Michael Schwartz and James R. Prickett) that lists 6000 films alphabetically, giving director and year. A useful quick guide.

7.
Movies on TV. 7th ed. Steven H. Scheuer. New York: Bantam Books. 1974. 621 pp. $1.95 (paper). For only $2. Scheuer gives you what you can't get elsewhere — plot summaries. But don't expect full credits (or even the director's name). Do expect star-ratings for more than 9000 films.

8.
TV Movies. 2nd. ed. Leonard Maltin. New York: New American Library. 1974. 669 pp. $2.50 (paper). Maltin's rival to Scheuer is only in its second incarnation, but a better buy all around. Claiming 10,000 entries, **TV Movies** *does* include directors' names for each film and surveys 300 made-for-TV movies as well. Maltin's evaluations also seem to be more judicious.

9.
The American Movies Reference Book: The Sound Era. ed. Paul Michael. Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, Inc. 1969. 629 pp. $29.95. This volume was one of the earlier entries in the field in the late sixties. It includes a short history of American movies, fairly complete filmographies for more than 600 actors, cast and credits for 1000 films, filmographies for 50 selected directors and 50 producers, a list of awards, and a short bibliography. A bit overpriced, Michael's book, because it is in no way comprehensive, is not a primary reference source.

10.
The New York Times Directory of the Film. New York: Arno Press. 1974 (1970). 961 pp. c.$9.95. This is a cheaper edition of the original 1970 version (Random House, $25.00) slightly abridged and produced on newsprint. It includes surveys of *Times* 10-Best Lists, New York Film Critics' Circle and Academy Awards from 1924 to 1970 and (uniquely) a portrait gallery of more than 2000 actors and actresses, but the bulk of the book is given over to a computer-generated "Name Index" based on the published collection of **The New York Times Film Reviews** (7 vols.) from 1913 to 1968. Given the limitations of the computer's source this is a thoroughly comprehensive work that provides information unavailable elsewhere, such as which films were based on the works

of James Joyce or Feodor Dostoyevsky. The "Name Index" includes everyone who was ever mentioned in *New York Times* film reviews (and therefore lists even obscure actors and technicians), but of course the catch is that if a film or filmmaker was *not* ever mentioned in the pages of the *Times* it doesn't exist for the purposes of this directory.

11.
There are also many useful little volumes which specialize in specific national cinemas, or circumscribed areas of interest. A.S. Barnes Co. co-publishes the Tantivy Press series of short reference books, including: **Screen Series** (volumes on **Japan, Sweden, France, Germany, Eastern Europe), The Heavies, The Dames, The Gangster Film,** Gifford's **British Cinema**, and **The American Musical,** among others. (In Canada: Smithers & Bonellie.) The Tantivy-Barnes reference works also include the **Hollywood** series: **Hollywood in the 20s, 30s, 40s, 50s, 60s, Today.**

Also of special interest are Gianni Rondolino's **Dizionario del Cinema Italiano: 1945-1969** (Torino: Einaudi, 1969); Eleanor Beattie's **A Handbook of Canadian Cinema** (Toronto: Peter Martin, 1973) and **Directory of Films by and/or about Women** (Berkeley: Women's Historical Research Center, 1972).

Finally, there are two basic catalogues of national cinema in Britain and the U.S. that are beyond the means of most individual film scholars, but should definitely be part of any library collection:

12.
The British Film Catalogue 1895-1970. Denis Gifford. New York: McGraw-Hill Co. 1973. 1100 pp. $44.50 (in Canada: $51.25), includes 15,000 British films and is supposed to be nearly a complete list.

13.
The American Film Institute Catalogue of Motion Pictures Produced in the U.S. Part I: Feature Films 1921-1930. ed. Kenneth W. Munden, 2 vols. New York: R.R. Bowker Co. 1971. $57.00, is the first instalment of what may eventually be a complete guide to U.S. motion pictures. The second part of the catalogue — **Feature Films 1961-1970** — was announced for publication several years ago, but has not yet appeared.

Film Book Bibliographies

14.
Cinema Booklist. George Rehrauer. Metuchen, N.J.: Scarecrow Press. 1972. 473 pp. $11.00. **Cinema Booklist: Supplement One.** Rehrauer. Scarecrow Press. 1974. 405 pp. $10. This is the standard film book bibliography right now. The original volume included 1505 entries; the supplement adds 909 more. Both volumes are easy to use, simply organized, and include author and subject indexes. Rehrauer and Scarecrow plan further supplements as the need warrants. Each entry is succinctly annotated and my experience is that Rehrauer is trustworthy.

15.
Cinemabilia Catalogue of Film Literature. 4th ed. New York: Cinemabilia. 1972. 264 pp. o.p. Begun as a simple list of the offerings of New York's most comprehensive film book shop, the Cinemabilia catalogue became something of a standard reference work. It is now out of print, although the store has a handful of copies remaining priced at $5.95. There are no immediate plans for a new edition since the people at Cinemabilia are occupying their spare time now working on a "monster" guide to periodicals in two volumes (c. 250 pp., $5 each) which will survey the store's large collection of back-issues of film magazines and include a contents list. Cinemabilia is also at work on a catalogue of graphic materials the store carries, in two parts: by director and genre, and by personality ($2.50 each). The supplement to the 4th edition of the Film Literature Catalogue is 60 pp. and costs $1.00. Coming soon: specialized lists of film books (directors, screenplays, etc.).

16.
Cinema Catalogue. Git Luboviski. Hollywood: Larry Edmunds Bookshop, Inc. n.d. 524 pp. $2.95 (paper). The store's catalogue — 14,500 items: in-print, out-of-print, books, magazines, special articles, promotional materials, radio & television, English & foreign languages, criticism & technical. Wide-ranging.

(Cinebooks, in Canada, also publishes a useful catalogue, while White Lion — in England — announce Alan Dyment's **Literature of the Cinema** as forthcoming.)

17.
A Selective Bibliography of Film Literature. 2nd. ed. James Monaco and Susan Schenker. New York: N.Y. Zoetrope. 1973. 26 pp. $3.00. A revision of the bibliography originally published by the American Film Institute in 1971, this one is designed as a guide for film students. Partially annotated, it concentrates on books that are readily available (mainly paperback) and standard: the basic skeleton of a working film library. More than 300 entries and essays on magazines, bibliography, and scripts.

Guides to Periodical Literature

Of the seven guides to essays on film in periodical literature which are now available, three limit themselves to film magazines, one is mainly devoted to film magazines but includes material from occasional general publications, one concentrates on general magazines, and one covers a wide range of both specialist and general periodicals. Of the three which concentrate on film journals, two are limited to English-language magazines. Each of them is therefore useful in its own way, although there is considerable overlapping.

18.
International Index to Film Periodicals. Sponsored by Fédération Internationale des Archives du Film (FIAF). New York: R.R. Bowker Co. Vol. I: **1972**; ed. Karen Jones. 344 pp. $17.95. Vol. II: **1973**; ed. Michael Moulds. 395 pp. $28.50. A couple of years ago FIAF decided to divide the tremendous burden of card-indexing among its various members. These two volumes (and those to come in the series) are yearly summations of the results. 63 film periodicals are indexed in the 1973 volume and the plan is to increase the scope in future years. The publications included range from *Action* to *Téléciné* and include *Fant* (Norway), *Ekran* (Yugoslavia), *Filme Cultura* (Rio de Janeiro), *Film a Doba* (Prague) as well as most of the better-known English, American, Canadian, French, German, Italian and Russian magazines. Next year: *Filmfacts, Monthly Film Bulletin,* and *Variety* join the ranks — and will certainly double the size of the **Index.** Easy to use, complete, annotated and nicely produced, the FIAF guides are now the standard against which other indexes must be judged.

19.
The New Film Index. Richard Dyer MacCann and Edward S. Perry. New York: E.P. Dutton Co. 1975. 600 pp. $35.00. (In Canada: Clarke, Irwin, c.$38.00) A major work, MacCann and Perry's five-year opus takes its title from Harold Leonard's famous **Film Index** which was published in 1941 under the Works Progress Administration of the New Deal. The subtitle explains its range: "A Bibliography of Magazine Articles in English: 1930-1970". Perry and MacCann have included thorough annotations on entries from 38 film magazines as well as occasional references to articles about film in more than 50 other magazines. **The New Film Index** is both more and less inclusive than the FIAF projects: it lists periodicals of a general nature, but it is limited to English-language publications. It is hoped that FIAF will eventually be able to do a volume for 1971, closing the gap between the two.

20.
The Critical Index. John C. and Lana Gerlach. New York: Teacher's College Press. 1974. 726 pp. $15.00, $6.50 (paper). (In Canada: Guidance Centre) "A Bibliography of Articles on Film in English: 1946-1973." The subtitle tells the story. The Gerlachs' book was the first of the new comprehensive guides to reach the market last year. They won the race because they used a computer information-retrieval system. The book itself (whose paper version is the only one within the price range of most film students) was printed from offset plates of the computer print-outs which makes it not especially easy to read, but that should be a minor problem for most film researchers. In order to cram nearly thirty years of bibliographical information in one affordable volume, the Gerlachs have made some necessary and understandable compromises: They limit themselves to 22 periodicals (no general magazines) and do not include reviews of individual films. Even so the bibliography runs to 5000 items with appendices (including one that explains how the computer was used to produce the book). The Gerlachs' book may not be so thorough as the others mentioned here, but this is clearly the way of the future. Highly recommended.

21.
Index to Critical Film Reviews in British and American Film Periodicals, together with an **Index to Critical Reviews of Books About Film: 1930-1972.** 2 vols. Stephen E. Bowles. New York: Burt Franklin Co. 1975. c.700 pp. $26.50. This is a one-man show, without the aid of computers, and all the more remarkable for that. Bowles covers a few more periodicals than the Gerlachs and of course the index of book reviews is unique. For some unfathomable reason the only non-film periodical Bowles includes is *The New York Review of Books*, certainly not noted for its cinematic perspicacity. Bowles's book falls somewhere between the Gerlachs' and MacCann and Perry's and is a necessary companion to both.

22.
A Guide to Critical Reviews, Part 4: Bibliography of Critical Reviews of Feature Length Motion Pictures Released from October 1927 through 1963. James R. Salem. Metuchen, N.J.: Scarecrow Press. 1971. 2 vols. $32.50. The first three parts of Salem's magnum opus deal with stage drama; this fourth part is particularly valuable since, unlike the guides cited above, it indexes general-interest magazines as opposed to the specialized film magazines. There are about 12,000 entries, including cross-references.

(It should be noted that materials on film which appear in general-interest magazines are indexed in the H.W. Wilson guides: **Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature, Social Science and Humanities Index, Art Index.**)

23.
Retrospective Index to Film Periodicals 1930-1971. Linda Batty. New York: R.R. Bowker Co. 1975. $24.50. This is Bowker's companion to the FIAF Indexes, meant to fill in the gap before they began in 1972. But it indexes only 20 periodicals, and all of them are English-language. At press time a copy was not yet available for inspection so there was no way to compare this volume with the three above which are similar in range.

24.
Film Literature Index. Albany: Filmdex Inc. $100 per annum. A quarterly subject-author index covering more than 300 film periodicals in various languages, and 125 English-language general-interest magazines, this index gives the most complete coverage of any for the one year (1973) it has dealt with so far. But the annual subscription ($125 with bound annual accumulation) is prohibitive for most individuals, and libraries that like to carry all periodicals they have indexed may be frightened off by the wide range here (everything from *Cahiers du Cinéma,* to *Time,* to *The Negro History Bulletin).*

Miscellaneous Guides

25.
Audiovisual Marketplace: A Multimedia Guide: 1974-1975. 5th edition. ed. J.A. Neal. New York: R.R. Bowker Co. 1974. 345 pp. $21.50. Published biannually this is Bowker's A-V version of their highly successful *Literary Marketplace* ("LMP"). It includes lists of producers and distributors, film associations, companies involved in educational radio and TV, and a large range of A-V services from Manufacturing to Labs to Reviews. Indispensable for the professional, it probably has little value for people who don't make their living in film.

26.
Current Film Periodicals in English. Adam Reilly. New York: Educational Film Library Association. 1972. 25 pp. $2.00. The only extensive list of film periodicals, Reilly's guide has, not of its own accord, quickly become dated. *Mise-en-Scène, Monogram* and *Movie* no longer exist, and a good number of recent additions to the group — *Jump Cut, Movietone News* — are of course not included. Yet this pamphlet includes 192 current periodicals that — in some way — deal with film, from *Screen* to *Movieland and TV Time* to *Gore Creatures.* It makes one realize just how selective the bibliographers had to be.

27.
Guidebook to Film: An 11-in-1 Reference. Ronald Gottesman and Harry Geduld. New York: Holt, Rinehart & Winston, Inc. 1972. 230 pp. $6.95, $3.95 (paper). (In Canada: $7.95, $4.35) A useful hodgepodge of information, this collection of lists includes a 70-page bibliography; a list of theses and dissertations about film (updated regularly in the *Journal of the University Film Association*), a list of Museums and Archives of film, lists of film schools, equipment dealers, distributors, bookstores, publishers, sources for stills, organizations, festivals, contests, awards, and finally, a glossary. It is the nature of lists like these that the more useful they are the more quickly they date. This is the kind of project a company like Bowker should do on a periodic basis.

28.
Who Was Who on Screen: 1920-1971. Evelyn Truitt. New York: R.R. Bowker Co. 1974. 480 pp. $22.50. A list of 6000 screen personalities — primarily American, British and French — who died between the years 1920 and 1971. Biographical data plus a comprehensive list of credits for each entry.

29.
International Film Guide: yearly 1964-1975.... ed. Peter Cowie. New York: A.S. Barnes and Co. (London: Tantivy Press). 1975 edition: 640 pp. $3.95. (In Canada: Smithers & Bonellie, $4.95). This may be the most useful film reference series ever published. It is certainly the most unusual. Although the contents vary from year to year (mainly expanding) the most recent edition includes: Five "directors of the year" — short essays on their work and complete filmographies; essays on the state of cinema in 48 separate countries; and essays on topics ranging from film music, TV in Canada and Europe, and Animation to Subtitling, Film Schools and Alternative Cinema. **IFG** claims to review all books published during the year (except Tantivy's own titles). The annual essays on Film Archives and Film Magazines are invaluable. An absolute necessity for cinephiles.

30.
Film Programmer's Booklist. Barbara Humphrys. Cambridge, Mass.: University Film Study Center. pamph. 1973. 25¢ A useful list of reference books.

31.
A Standard Glossary for Film Criticism. James Monaco. New York: N.Y. Zoetrope. 2nd edition. 1973. 30 pp. $3.00. A revision of a glossary first published by the American Film Institute in 1971, this is designed not for the film*maker* but for those who think and write about film. The result of comparison of glossaries that have appeared in standard film books — such as Reisz, Spottiswoode, and Halliwell — it also includes revisions suggested by users of the first edition.

32.
An Illustrated Glossary of Film Terms. Harry Geduld, Ronald Gottesman. New York: Holt, Rinehart & Winston, Inc. 1973. 179 pp. $4.50. (In Canada: $4.95) Mainly concerned with technical production vocabulary, the **Illustrated Glossary** is organized by subject, so that it almost reads like a textbook.

33.
A List of Motion Picture Technical Terms in Five Languages. Carlos Connio Santini. New York: Society of Motion Picture and Television Engineers. 1960. 7 pp. n.p. English, Spanish, French, Italian, German.

34.
Vocabulaire du Cinéma/Film Vocabulary / Film Woordenlijst... ed. S.I. Van Nooten. The Hague: Netherlands Information Service. 6th ed. 1974. ($5., available from Pflaum.) Published for the Council of Europe, **Film Vocabulary** is most comprehensive, including 900 film terms in French, English, Dutch, Italian, German, Spanish, and Danish.

The Magazines

At one time or another more than 500 film magazines have been published in the English language alone. As many as 200 survive today, from *Sight and Sound* to personalized, mimeographed broadsides. This is a carefully selected list which includes nearly all of the magazines currently indexed plus a few others which, although small in circulation, are growing in importance. The more important magazines are

annotated below. For further information see: Reilly (26) and **International Film Guide** (29).

Bibliographical and Filmographical

Monthly Film Bulletin. British Film Institute. 81 Dean Street, London W1V 6AA. Monthly. $8./yr. Credits, synopses, and reviews of all feature films released in the U.K. Standard reference.

Filmfacts. Ed.: Ernest Parmentier. Box 213, Village Station, New York 10014. Fortnightly. $35./yr. A checklist of all feature films released in the U.S. with summaries of major reviews. Three years behind at present.

Film Dope. 5 Norman Court, Little Heath, Potters Bar, Hertfordshire EN6 1HY, England. Quarterly. $5./yr. Begun December, 1972, this serial dictionary of film has now reached the letter "C". Exhaustively researched, but the end is nowhere in sight.

Leading General Critical Magazines

Sight and Sound. Circ.: 35,000. Ed.: Penelope Houston. British Film Institute. 81 Dean Street, London W1V 6AA. Quarterly. $6./yr. Literate, politically sensitive, wide-ranging and accurate, **S&S** has been called "the world's most respected film magazine." (**IFG**75)

Take One. Circ.: 25,000. Ed.: Peter Lebensold. Unicorn Publishing. Box 1778, Station B, Montreal, Quebec H3B 3L3. More or less Septohebdomadal (every seven weeks, that is). $5./12 issues. The **IFG** calls this a "formidable film periodical, covering unusual topics with a brazen enthusiasm..." Articles, interviews, reviews, columns.

Filmmakers Newsletter. Circ.: 14,500. Ed.: Suni Mallow, H. Whitney Bailey. Box 115, Ward Hill, MA 01830. Monthly. $7./yr. Not strictly a critical journal, but its frequency of publication and wide circulation suggest that it be included in this section. There are always several articles of interest to the film*goer* (as well as film*maker*) in each issue.

Film Comment. Circ.: 10,000. Ed.: Richard Corliss. Film Society of Lincoln Center, 1865 Broadway, New York 10023. Bi-monthly. $9./yr. A very handsomely-produced magazine, **FC** publishes the work of many of the most respected film critics and scholars. Especially good on films of the past, no regular reviews.

Film Quarterly. Circ.: 9000. Ed.: Ernest Callenbach. University of California Press, Berkeley, CA 94720. Quarterly. $6./yr. A well-respected scholarly journal, **FQ** is moving towards a more rigorous analytical approach to the art and science of film.

Other General Critical Magazines

Cinema Journal. Ed.: Richard Dyer MacCann. 17 West College Street, Iowa City, IA 52242. Quarterly. Scholarly and respected.

Cinema (L.A.). 9667 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90212. Irreg. Handsomely produced.

CTVD. Hampton Books. Rt. 1, Box 76, Newberry, S.C. 29108. Digest of foreign-language film publications.

Cineaste. Ed.: Gary Crowdus. 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 10014. Quarterly. $4./yr. Excellent, recommendable, review of political cinema.

Dialogue on Film. American Film Institute, 501 Doheny Rd., Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Monthly. Available with membership in A.F.I. This transcript of interviews conducted at the posh Center for Advanced Film Studies is not really useless, but the lack of quality publications is one of the A.F.I.'s more significant failures. (**AFI News**, their only other publication, is nothing but a public relations flyer.)

Film (London). Ed.: Peter Cargin. Federation of British Film Societies, 72 Dean Street, London W1. Monthly. $9.15/yr. Some articles of interest to those outside the Film Society movement.

Films and Filming. Ed.: Robin Bean. Hansom Books, Artillery Mansions, 75 Victoria Street, London SW1. Monthly. $14./yr. Many illustrations, the most commercial of the film magazines.

Film Heritage. Wright State University, Dayton OH 45431. Quarterly.

Films in Review. Ed.: Charles P. Reilly. 210 East 68th Street, New York 10021. Concentrates on American movies.

The Film Journal. Ed.: Thomas R. Atkins. Box 9602, Hollins College, VA. 24020. Quarterly. $5./yr. Each issue has a theme.

Film Library Quarterly. Box 348, Radio City Station, New York 10019. Primarily concerned with films in education.

Focus on Film. Ed.: Allen Ayles. Tantivy Press, 108 New Bond Street, London, W1Y OQX. Quarterly. $6.50/yr. Interviews, unusual design.

Journal of Popular Film. University Hall 101, Bowling Green State University, Bowling Green, OH 43403. Quarterly. $4./yr. Devoted to the sociology of the movies.

Jump Cut. Ed.: Chuck Kleinhans, John Hess. 3138 W. Schubert, Chicago, Il 60647. Bi-monthly. $3./yr. A lively and recommendable but sometimes crotchety new publication devoted to intellectual analysis with a strong sense of politics.

Movietone News. Ed.: Richard T. Jameson. Seattle Film Society. 5236 18th Ave. N.E., Seattle, WA 98105. Monthly. $5./yr. Originally a local journal, **MTN** has recently gained some national distribution and the justified praise of major critics.

Screen. 63 Old Compton Street, London W1. Quarterly. $10./yr. The Journal of the Society for Education in Film and Television, **Screen** has gained some prominence during the last few years by introducing structural and semiological criticism in English, but is now going through a change in approach.

The Velvet Light Trap. Arizona Jim Co-op, 602 Club, 602 University Avenue, Madison, WI 53703. Quarterly. $2.50/yr. Another local journal which is well-respected nationally. Theme issues.

Women and Film. 2802 Arizona Ave, Santa Monica, CA 90404. Quarterly. A recommendable new magazine.

Specialized Journals

Action is the journal of the American Directors' Guild; **American Cinematographer** is the Journal of the American Society of Cinematographers, but widely read. **Cinema Canada** covers the film scene in Canada from the industry viewpoint. **Film Culture** is devoted to the New American Cinema in general, and still pertinent if highly erratic. **The Independent Film Journal** is an industry newsletter for exhibitors. **Literature and Film Quarterly** is a scholarly publication devoted to the relationship between literature and film. **The Journal of the University Film Association** is dedicated to the teaching of film. **Sightlines** is the journal of the Educational Film Library Association and limited to educational films. **University Film Study Center Newsletter** is published by the U.F.S.C., a consortium of New England colleges and highly recommended to those who teach film (Box 275, Cambridge, MA)

Important Out-of-Print Magazines

The **New York Film Bulletin** was a lively journal in the early sixties; **Moviegoer** published only three issues in the middle sixties but they included the work of some important critics; **Cahiers du Cinéma in English** lasted a few years in the late sixties, printing translations of significant articles in the French journal. **On Film** published one lavishly-produced issue (including a record of an interview) in 1970. **Film Critic** (formerly **Film Society Review**) used to be the journal of the American Federation of Film Societies. It is in limbo right now. Ian Cameron's excellent **Movie** magazine lasted 19 issues in the late sixties, most of them still valuable. **Close-Up** was an important journal of the earlier days of film scholarship. The **Penguin Film Review** and **Sequence** were influential British magazines during the late 40s and early 50s. **Monogram** and **Cinema Rising** (3 issues in 1972) were lively and interesting British journals of more recent vintage.

General Interest Magazines

Some of the most significant work in film criticism and scholarship is found in magazines which are not strictly limited to film. Each of the following journals covers all the arts, but has particular significance for cineastes. **The New York Times Arts and Leisure Section** is not what it once was under the editorship of Seymour Peck but its weekly frequency and its huge readership (more than 1.5 million) make it by far the most powerful national journal of the arts. **Variety**, although it is a trade magazine, carries some of the best film reviewing available anywhere and is invaluable for the huge amount of information it communicates about the film art/industry. The **Village Voice**, through Andrew Sarris (and now Molly Haskell), has had an influence far greater than its medium circulation would suggest. **Time Out** is the closest British equivalent to the **Voice. Changes** is a relatively new monthly journal which covers all the arts and is becoming an influential publication.

Significant Foreign-Language Magazines

France: **Ecran, Cinéma, Positif, Cahiers du Cinéma, Cinéthique.** Italy: **Bianco e Nero.** West Germany: **Filmkritik.** Quebec: **Cinéma Québec.** India: **Film World.** U.S.S.R.: **Soviet Film (Isskustvo Kino).** Australia: **Lumiere.** Brazil: **Filme Cultura.** Sweden: **Chaplin.** Poland: **Kino.** Denmark: **Kosmorama.** Cuba: **Cine Cubano.** Czechoslovakia: **Film a Doba.** Hungary: **Film Kultura.** Netherlands: **Skoop, Skrien.** Norway: **Fant.** Switzerland: **Cinéma** (Zurich). (For addresses and further information about the publications listed in the previous four sections, see **International Film Guide**, FIAF **Index**, and Reilly.)

Film Scripts

The only journal devoted to the publication of film scripts is **L'Avant-Scène/Cinéma.** Ed.: Jacques Charrière. 27, rue Saint-André-des-Arts, 75006 Paris. Monthly. 79.60 Francs (foreign). Covering both new and old films, French and foreign, **L'Avant-Scène** is unique and invaluable. More than 150 issues have now appeared and many back issues are available. Any serious cinema collection should include as many back issues of **L'Avant-Scène** as can be afforded. The production of the magazine is rigorous and judicious.

Publishers' addresses

NCA: No Canadian Agent

A&W Visual Library (3)
95 Madison Avenue
New York 10016

Arno Press (10)
330 Madison Avenue
New York 10017 (NCA)

Avon Books (1)
959 Eighth Avenue
New York 10019

Bantam Books (7)
666 Fifth Avenue
New York 10019
and
888 Dupont Street
Toronto M6G 1Z8

A.S. Barnes & Co. (11, 29)
Box 421
Cranbury, NJ 08512

Bonanza Books (1, 2)
25 Torbay Road
Markham, Ont. L3R 1H1

R.R. Bowker Co. (4, 13, 18, 23, 25, 28)
Box 1807
Ann Arbor, MI 48106 (NCA)

Cinebooks (16)
692A Yonge Street
Toronto

Cinemabilia (15)
10 West 13th Street
New York 10011

Clarke, Irwin & Co. Ltd. (6, 19)
791 St. Clair Avenue West
Toronto M6C 1B8

Collier Macmillan Canada Ltd. (3)
539 Collier Macmillan Drive
Cambridge, Ont.

Crown Publishers Inc. (2)
419 Park Avenue South
New York 10016

E.P. Dutton Co. (6, 19)
201 Park Avenue South
New York 10003

Educational Film Library Ass'n. (26)
17 West 60th Street
New York 10023 (NCA)

Giulio Einaudi, s.p.a. (11)
via Umberto Biancamano, 1
Casella Postale 245
1-10121 Torino, Italy

Filmdex Inc. (24)
Box 532, DD, SUNY-A
1400 Washington Avenue
Albany, NY 12222

Burt Franklin Co. (21)
235 East 44th Street
New York 10017 (NCA)

General Publishing Co. (1)
30 Lesmill Road
Don Mills, Ont. M3B 2T6

Guidance Centre, Univ. of Toronto (20)
1000 Yonge Street
Toronto M4W 2K8

Hill and Wang, Inc. (1)
19 Union Square West
New York 10003

Holt, Rinehart & Winston (27, 32)
383 Madison Avenue
New York 10017
55 Horner Avenue
Toronto M8Z 4X6

Larry Edmunds' Bookshop (16)
6658 Hollywood Blvd.
Hollywood, CA 90028

McGraw-Hill Book Co. (12)
1221 Ave. of the Americas
New York 10020
and
330 Progress Avenue
Scarborough, Ont. M1P 2Z5

New American Library (8)
1301 Ave. of the Americas
New York 10019
and
81 Mack Avenue
Scarborough, Ont. M1L 1M8

New York Zoetrope (17, 31)
31 East 12th Street
New York 10003

Pflaum (34)
2285 Arbor Boulevard
Dayton, OH 45439

Peter Martin Associates (11)
35 Britain Street
Toronto M5A 1R7

Prentice-Hall Inc. (9)
Englewood Cliffs, NJ 07632

The Scarecrow Press (14, 22)
52 Liberty Street
Metuchen, NJ 08840 (NCA)

Smithers & Bonellie (11, 29)
Suite 206
56 Esplanade East
Toronto M5E 1A7

Society of Motion Picture and Television Engineers (33)
862 Scarsdale Avenue
Scarsdale, NY 10583 (NCA)

Teachers College Press (20)
1234 Amsterdam Avenue
New York 10027

University Film Study Center (30)
Box 275
Cambridge, MA 02138 (NCA)

University of California Press (5)
2223 Fulton Street
Berkeley, CA 94720 (NCA)

Women's Historical Research Center (11)
2325 Oak Street
Berkeley, CA 94708 (NCA)

TAKE ONE

Take One is unquestionably one of the best film magazines now in existence anywhere. It is an oasis of intelligent joy in a frequent desert of middle-brow sterility... Short of going to the movies, it's the best introduction to film as a living, unruly, original, unpredictable, objectionable, marvellous art I know of.

**Amos Vogel,
Founder,
New York Film Festival**

Additional copies of this Guide are available from Take One, Box 1778, Station B, Montreal, Quebec, Canada H3B 3L3 at 75¢ each (discounts available on bulk orders).

James Monaco, a *Take One* Contributing Editor, is currently completing a book on New Wave French cinema to be published by Oxford University Press.

Recommendation for Mercy

Murray Markowitz's

RECOMMENDATION FOR MERCY

Humanity and power

In a small Ontario town, in the summer of 1959, a twelve-year-old girl was raped and murdered. A fourteen-year-old boy was found guilty and condemned to hang. Appeals were repeatedly rejected, but the sentence was commuted and he subsequently spent ten years in prison. The case aroused considerable public concern at the time, and again in 1966 with the publication of a controversial book detailing the scandalous miscarriages of justice and demanding the boy's immediate release. In good old Canada, pusillanimous and hypocritical, where gutless public men smile regretfully and do nothing, the Pearson cabinet smiled regretfully and did nothing.

Recommendation for Mercy, third film by Toronto director Murray Markowitz, begins and ends with the claim that any resemblance to actual persons and events ... etc., etc. Sandwiched between these protestations is a complex and ambitious dramatization of the events surrounding the rape-murder of "Fran Bailey", and of the subsequent trial and condemnation of "John Robinson" — compellingly, beautifully acted by Andrew Skidd.

It's a hell of a subject — on the one hand, dangerously easy to exploit, on the other hand, potentially harrowing as a human drama and explosive as a social indictment. Markowitz has been called exploitative before now, and he certainly does go for controversial material. **More Than One**, an 'actuality drama' involving a group of retarded adults, provokes the kind of moral discomfort that often accompanies the exposure of a disturbing reality. **August and July**, in which two women act out their love affair for Markowitz's camera, aroused critical abuse, and the charge that he had 'exploited' the participants.

It will likely be said of **Recommendation for Mercy** that the film 'exploits' its material. But what does 'exploitation' mean? If it means the violation of the integrity of human subjects in order to attract and gratify the prurient and the sensation-hungry, then the film is not guilty as charged. His treatment of the affair displays indignation at the machinery that engorged "John Robinson", and a humane sympathy for the bewildered and suffering individuals.

And yet there is something not quite right about the recipe. The script attempts to combine three main ingredients: the personal ordeal of the accused boy, the perversion of the judicial process by a community looking for someone to crucify, and the question of guilt — did-he-or-didn't-he? and if not, who did? Though some people who have seen the film apparently find John guilty, I would maintain that by far the stronger impression is of the extreme unlikelihood of his having killed the girl. Certainly, however, the script contrives to make the issue doubtful, by showing us conflicting hypothetical versions of the event, and by suggesting that John himself comes to be unsure of the reality. While these devices increase the emotional pitch, they seem to me to deflect attention from the film's strongest element — the depiction of a social process that picked on John and presumed him guilty.

John is portrayed as the mildest and most humane person in a teenage pressure-cooker of sexual tension and listless violence. In the town which seizes upon him as its propitiary sacrifice to the girl's father (who happens, in a departure from the 1959 history, to be the largest local employer), "the best lack all conviction, while the worst are full of passionate intensity." The adversary system of justice requires an impartial jury and a strict referee. In this court-room we see John's chances slipping away because the open-minded are no match for the bloody-minded.

The three ingredients come together most effectively during John's interrogations by the Provincial Police. In these scenes the forensic problem of establishing fact, the social pressure to find a scapegoat, and the personal torment of the suspect, are integrated into a single dramatic situation. Leiterman's camera-work, always good in bleak surround-

Recommendation for Mercy
An Astral Films release of a Prradise Films production. Director: Murray Markowitz. Executive Producer: Alfred M. Berman. Associate Producer: Edward Wachta. Producers: James P. Lewis and Markowitz. Screenplay: Fabian Jennings, Joel Weisenfeld, Markowitz. Music: Don Gillis. Editor: George Appleby. Cinematography: Richard Leiterman. Cast: Andrew Skidd, Robb Judd.

The Passenger
A United Artists release of a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production. Director: Michelangelo Antonioni. Producer: Carlo Ponti. Screenplay: Mark Peploe, Peter Wollen and Antonioni (based on a story by Peploe). Executive Producer: Alessandro Von Normann. Photography: Luciano Tovoli. Editors: Franco Arcalli and Antonioni. Cast: Jack Nicholson, Maria Schneider, Jenny Runacre, Ian Hendry, Stephen Berkoff, Ambroise Bia, José Maria Cafarel, Chuck Mulvehill. Metrocolor. 119 mins.

Introduction to the Enemy
From The Indochina Peace Campaign*, by Christine Burrill, Jane Fonda, Tom Hayden, Haskell Wexler, and Bill Yahraus. Photography: Wexler, with the assistance of Pham Viet Dung. Editors: Burrill and Yahraus. Assistant Editor: Lisa Goldberg. Sound: Cao Xuan Nghia. Additional Photography: Ingela Romare and Lennart Malmer. Translation: Tram Minh Quoc. 60 mins. (*Indochina Peace Campaign Film, 181 Pier Avenue, Santa Monica, Cal. 90405).

Action
A National Film Board release of an NFB production. Director: Robin Spry. Editors: Shelagh Mackenzie, Joan Henson. Sound Editing: Bernie Bordeleau. Colour. 87 mins.

Les Ordres
A New Cinema release of a Prisma Inc. production. Director and Screenplay: Michel Brault. Editor: Yves Dion. Photography: Brault and Michel Bissonnette. Cast: Hélène Loiselle, Jean Lapointe, Guy Provost, Claude Gauthier, Louise Forestier, Louise, Martine and Monique Pratte, Amulette Garneau, Louise Latraverse, Sophie Clément.

ings, contributes powerfully to the disorientation and anxiety inflicted on the boy who will make things easier for everyone if he will only *admit* that he killed Fran Bailey.

But this is a fairly expensive picture. If it is going to make its way in the theatres, it has to reach audiences who will receive the 'all resemblances' disclaimer at its face value, and it is for them, I suspect, that Markowitz has explored the still-unsolved riddle of the killer's identity. He was faced with a complex choice among narrative strategies, and while I could wish for a rather different balance, I applaud the film for its humanity, its dramatic power, and for some fine performances.

Robert Fothergill

Michelangelo Antonioni's

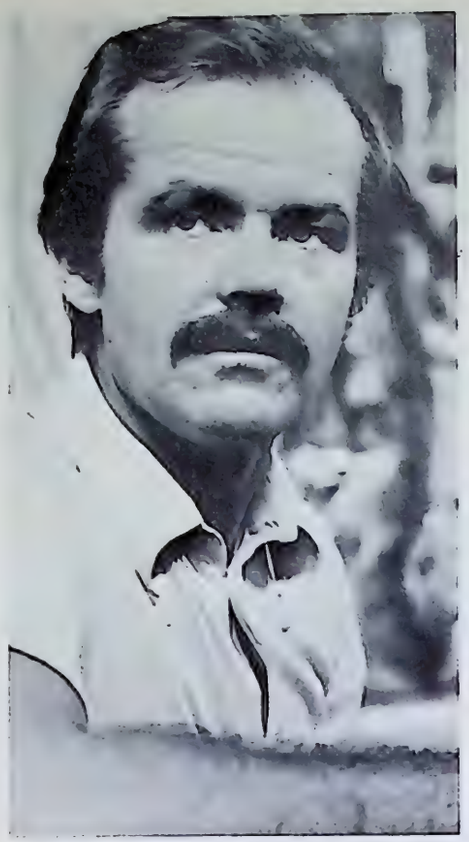
THE PASSENGER

Mad Dogs and Nicholson

Like its protagonist on the run, Michelangelo Antonioni's **The Passenger** carries no excess baggage. So rigorously compressed are its images that one half-awaits the slight miscalculation in tone or pace that will explode its dense beauty. The explosion never comes. As Antonioni's twelfth feature fiction film since 1950, his third English-speaking venture and fourth experiment in color, **The Passenger** is surely his most accessible film to date. It pursues its history of internal inquiry with a dogged self-consciousness and vital grace that crystalize the very meaning of cinematographic art.

Working from a screenplay he co-adapted with Peter Wollen (author of the structuralist text, *Signs and Meaning in the Cinema*) and Mark Peploe from an original treatment by Peploe, Antonioni has constructed the film on what seems a system of reflections. Formally self-referential, virtually every strand of theme and image finds an antecedent in one or more of the director's previous fiction films. But while **The Passenger** expands its history, it tells the story of a man whose attempts to escape his past lead to a fatal confrontation with his present. Those strands (the journey motif; the unresolved mystery; the drama of professional crisis; the use of natural landscapes as active components in that crisis and of architecture as a fragile bridge between past and present; the appearance of the two-shot that imprisons its subjects in a cell of raw immediacy; the thwarted struggles to assign to technology the prerogatives of the soul) provide more than a new fix for film addicts: they form a composite of past preoccupations central to the film's thrust.

The Passenger's protagonist, an English television journalist named David Locke,



The Passenger

is himself a traditional Antonioni subject; an individual becalmed in a dead marriage, in outmoded habits of perception, in a successful but stale career. While tying up the loose ends of a documentary on and in an unspecified North African country, Locke quietly comes unglued. The opening sequence, a journey through the desert by a man we do not yet know, exposes Locke's inability to make contact with any life-sustaining urges he might muster. Attempting to locate a group of guerrillas hiding in the Sahara (the link between affirmation and revolution is not, of course, arbitrary), Locke switches from active to passive gear. Alien to the landscape and the pursuit, he is dependent upon men whose language he does not speak; upon cooperation purchased with foreign goods; upon a dumb Land Rover that knows no more than he. The camera virtually hands Locke over from one mute guide to the next: a young boy who speaks no English but screams "Stop!" and runs away; a robed man on camel who passes the reporter and returns his limp wave with a frozen stare; another guide who answers no questions and abandons his charge after spotting what appears to be a group of soldiers. Deserted by men and betrayed by a vehicle that refuses to move, as if it were drunk on its own gas, Locke suddenly bows to defeat. "All right," he screams at the glaring silence around him, "I don't care!" Before the film has barely begun, we sense this man's life is over. Shortly thereafter, Locke switches identities with a dead man and considers himself, for a short time, reborn.

Jack Nicholson, who portrays David Locke, imposes his own professional past on the film: we regard him from the onset as a one-man band of outsiders, as king of the road. But the control that seemed somewhat latent in his previous performances erupts in **The Passenger** as a fully realized talent. Locke's default, beginning with his vow to mirror the indifference around him and cinched by the burial of his past with another man's body, spreads over the actor like a shadow of death. Once having exchanged identities, Locke begins an odyssey through plains of initial excitement, eventual panic, consuming enervation, and death. Nicholson makes that death seem inevitable: when it drifts in on a cloud of dust, it seems as much the result of psychic fatigue — of being unequivocally dead tired — as it does the possible result of mistaken identity, political assassination, or betrayal. Nicholson's performance is indigenous to the film: like the Gaudi architecture Antonioni explores in **The Passenger**, Nicholson — as Locke — seems to spring organically from a landscape he longs to conquer.

Maria Schneider, known here simply as The Girl, provides an immensely sympathetic and anonymous witness to Locke's increasing inertia. Although her role differs significantly from that of Jeanne in **Last Tango**, here again she functions as Listener. She meets Locke, befriends him, and like a nurse who fears her charge might fall into fatal sleep, keeps him moving from one appointment to the next. We know little about her from start to finish, except what she tells Locke. She is "a tourist, lately become bodyguard" and is a student of architecture. The link between The Girl and architecture tells us one thing about her that Locke will never understand. She knows that the spirit of freedom that informs Gaudi's buildings and which Locke pursues results from the strict application of form.

The reflective spirit of **The Passenger** is by no means limited to film or architectural references. A strict system of repeated images, both visual and aural, pervades the film and conspires to create a sense of repeated tragedy. The act of criticism, itself a reflective process, is treated peripherally in the screenplay through dialogues captured in flashbacks and on tape between Locke and the man whose identity he would later assume. Even Antonioni's celebrated photographic embrace, the seven-minute /single-shot sequence, wraps the resounding elements in Locke's tragedy around him like a shroud. But, contrary to much of the publicity surrounding the shot, it does not close the film. Throughout **The Passenger**, Locke has been hounded by blinding sunlight. The film's final shot, with Locke now dead, is awash with liquid twilight — the first and last restful image to fill the screen. "People disappear everyday," The Girl had told him.

Robert Fothergill has recently completed a rigorously theoretical pornographic short, and is writing a book on English Canadian cinema.

Luchino Visconti's

CONVERSATION PIECE

Biography of a generation

Jean Renoir, who was eighty this past September, in 1936 made two of his best films: **Les Bas Fonds** and **Partie de campagne**. His assistant on both was a young Italian aristocrat, younger by only twelve years, who then returned to Italy and later, in 1942, as his first independent feature, made the film that is widely considered the original masterpiece of neorealism. The name of the film was **Ossessione**, and the name of its maker Luchino Visconti.

At the age of thirty, before making any films of his own, Visconti was thus exposed to the influence of the foremost practitioner of realism in the fictional cinema of the thirties, and his initiation to autonomous creation fell into a period when material urgencies pressed. These formative elements have remained with him. All of Visconti's films, even those dealing with history more or less remote, chronicle realistically the fate of individuals thrown into conflict with societies with which Visconti himself in some manner, either directly or through class ties, identifies.

Identification, on the other hand, has always been a problem for Visconti; he has never carried it as far as recognition, inasmuch as there has really never been a character in his films that resembled its inventor. With **Death in Venice** the theme of loneliness begins to dominate, but one feels that his own experiences form the emotional base, not the source material. But now he quotes Flaubert's "Madame Bovary c'est moi" when asked about his latest film, adding "He who tries to share an idea, cannot but do it through himself". A Gestalt-approach to filmmaking evident in the new work.

Conversation Piece is Visconti's fourteenth feature. It is tempting to compare his own life to that of its protagonist in the pattern of retreat from social contact that characterises both. The film was made on the rebound from a serious illness and was directed by Visconti from a wheelchair; in it, a retired professor attempts a realignment of values in order to stay with the world. Both of these goodwill endeavours are doomed: Burt Lancaster, in the dramatised version, dies disappointed, and Visconti, no doubt, will be pilloried by disappointed critics.

As a former Communist and current sympathiser, positions are expected of Visconti which he refuses to assume. **Conversation Piece** depicts Italian society in its decadence, but takes no sides, except on a purely human level. Practically every character in the film is both scum and victim; the layers peel off as we — voyeurs — descend to the hell in those souls. In a political climate where Marxism is the intellect's last utopian refuge, the objectivity of this approach is tantamount to treachery. In a work of art that offers no guilt-carriers, the danger lies too close that we might ourselves have to assume it.

A retired intellectual lives alone, collecting "Conversation Piece" family paintings. His solitude is invaded by a "family" of more modern slant: a *ménage-à-quatre* composed of mother, daughter, daughter's fiancé and mother's lover, who rent space above him and there indulge in variously mixed sexual and social encounters. Despite his better judgement, compassion and loneliness involve him in their scramblings, but neither the superficial poetry of the young girl's easy sex nor the pretense of Mittel-European dilettantism of the mother's lover succeed in truly attracting him. He fights against self-abasement but realises that his straggling attempt at engagement in the present can no more free him of the feeling of uselessness that engulfs him than his prior escape into the past. Sensitivity and humanism are qualities of low quotation in today's social market.

In a work of art that offers no guilt-carriers, the danger lies too close that we might ourselves have to assume it.

As a concentrated introduction to the problems of today's Italy, **Conversation Piece** is especially useful. Social, political, psychological, industrial, interpersonal and economic aspects of the current crisis are reflected in the central situation of the film, which is the conflict of the generations. But it would be wrong to consider it important as a symptom of Italian society alone; in fact Visconti's fatalistic prognosis concerns us all. Five people love and hate each other without finding, or even seeking, real contact. Situating this morass of homosexuality, group love, drugs, criminality, corruption and suicide in an Italian context is incidental. It could be anywhere.

And yet one does not walk away from this work with a feeling of defeat. It is clear that like his protagonist, Visconti is both repulsed and attracted by the ascending generation, and like him he attempts to come to terms with the sadness they inspire. He does not juxtapose, nor try condescendingly to understand. Here is a man at the end of his life who finds that everything he has believed in means nothing to those who follow. Just as his films have been criticised for a lack of concern for the answers society is seeking, so his professor finds no answers for his own ailing. One feels that a film about loneliness has hardly ever been made by a similarly lonely man.

Helmut Berger, somewhat incongruously, plays a student who in 1968 failed to latch onto the faith; Claudia Marsani and Stefano Patrizi are the young couple, both badly played and useful, primarily, as symbols; and Silvana Mangano magnificently struts the part of the raucous mother, steamrolling the zoo in her wake, brashly crossing all civil and moral borders without fear or concern except for herself. It takes both courage and ability for an actress to play so ungrateful a part so well. But towering above all these, in the central, biographical part, is Burt Lancaster, who seems to have found his Quaker vein in rejecting the world without hating it. In fact, the message that the film seems to carry concerning the state of the world, is that in order to continue not hating it, one practically has to reject it. It is the peace that comes to the professor on his deathbed with this realisation that keeps the spectator from feeling defeated. Because it is this realisation that keeps him from feeling the guilt that the film avoids attributing: this realisation which says so clearly that the individual, despite all political or personal illusion, has very little sway over his social fate, and that he has none over the future of the civilised world.

For a film which is basically a play inasmuch as it takes place in a single location and depends largely on dialogue, Visconti has succeeded in creating a style admirably suited to his concern. In dark browns and ochres and elaborate turn-of-the-century decor, paying minute attention to detail, both decorative and aural, and by delicately restraining the acting of the principals, he has underlined the claustrophobia and loneliness, and the hesitant steps, alas disastrous, to escape both. Burt Lancaster, who plays much the same part here as he did in **The Leopard** and as he is now doing again, for Bertolucci, in **1900**, is directed so meticulously that one clearly feels that identification of actor and character so rare in cinema.

"The old", Visconti says, "may well try to understand the young and to love them, but the gap between the generations cannot really be bridged. All I want to do with this film is show their relationship in all its sadness. I try to show the world the way it is. The old are either removed from it or have gone back to fascism. The young are corrupt or are exposed to corruption at every step. At the same time they are beautiful and attractive, and their corruption is not a conscious one. Life is short; one must live it without shame. It may end in a few minutes." He quotes Auden, as he does in the film. Because this is a film about impotence. Not an impotent film.

Gideon Bachmann

"Yeah," Locke had reflected aloud, "Every time they leave the room."

Catherine Plumb

The Indochina Peace Campaign's

INTRODUCTION TO THE ENEMY

Provisional revolutionary cinema

In the Spring of 1974, Jane Fonda and Tom Hayden, carting along their then nine month-old son, Troy, traveled with Haskell Wexler to Vietnam. Their goal was to record the tangible, philosophical, and political landscape of a nation beginning — once again — to rebuild. With visa applications for entry into territory controlled by the Saigon government rejected, the filmmakers visited and in two cases revisited (for this was Hayden's fifth trip, Fonda's second) those areas of the country under the Provisional Revolutionary Government. They traveled from Hanoi through the DMZ to liberated segments of the South. Fonda has described the result of their journey, a 60-minute color documentary entitled **Introduction to the Enemy**, as "a modest first step" in the process of acquainting Americans with the Vietnamese: not with a "faceless enemy," nor with an equally anonymous victim, but rather with a wise and courageous people from whom the filmmakers suggest we have a tremendous lot to learn. The implication here, of course, is not that an understanding of the Vietnamese people might be enhanced (or, indeed, undertaken at all) by divorcing them from their awful history of rape. To the contrary, the film repeatedly confronts that history, as any introduction to the Vietnamese must. And by fusing the memories, faces, occupations, and dreams of just a handful of people (an actress; a farmer; an editor; a military commander, among others), **Introduction** evinces a tentative portrait of a fiercely gentle survivor.

Following a pre-title sequence in which Fonda and Hayden explore an abandoned bomb shelter, the film shifts to the bright, bustling streets of Hanoi. Suddenly, the screen blooms with life. The juxtaposition of the two opening sequences (the first exposing a hideous, protective enclosure; the second investigating an open city of sun, laughter, and children) determines the dominant theme of the film: rebirth and collective reconstruction. These dual images flow throughout the introduction: with natural dignity, a bright pink flower and a few new blades of grass inform a rusting Pepsi can of its losing battle to occupy foreign territory; a factory, evacuated during Hayden's last trip, now teems with workers transforming downed enemy aircraft into bicycles and kitchen utensils; the delicate faces of two village women remain serene as they describe a system by which they managed to cripple American bombers with rifles (Q: Where did you get the guns? A: The French left them behind. Q: Were they French rifles, then? A: No, American.); an old man patiently explains the continuous process of rebuilding the same house, five times under the French, seven times under the Americans. The prevailing spirit of the images and interviews, then, is one of affirmation and strength inextricably linked to the horrors visited upon these people decade after decade.

Yet a moment ago, I suggested that the effect of this gentle film was provisional: like any presentation, **Introduction** presupposes and relies for its success upon our sympathetic curiosity toward its subject. Even more crucial, however, is its dependence upon a particular political predisposition that we bring to the film. Although Fonda and Hayden often deliver urgent commentaries full of vital and sometimes frightening information, they fail to present their facts in a context which might test them. As a result, our acceptance of what they say has, frankly, less to do with the force of the film than with our own presentiments. For example, while riding through the DMZ, Fonda characterizes the zone as an artificial boundary established by the Pentagon to reinforce its own characterization of the North as a foreign aggressor invading the South. Now, let's suppose that — quite by accident — a political conservative stumbles into a theatre showing the film and hears this statement. Assuming that he remains seated, he is likely to want proof. During the interviews that follow, he will hear Vietnamese people speak of their dreams of solidarity (an old man: I used to say I would be happy to die when I saw peace. Now I say I will be happy to die when I see reunification), and he will hear others speak with respect and concern for their brothers in the occupied territories. But he will know that interviewing is a selective process and might wonder if these interviews are simply self-serving. Furthermore, he will know that Fonda's statement has consisted of two parts: the first, a description of the Vietnamese attitude toward the DMZ; the second, an accusation against the Pentagon. The interviews he hears offer support for the first part of Fonda's statement, but they do not offer proof of the second. I stress this point because it seems to me essential — if film is to be responsibly used to convey the importance of individual and collective responsibility — that we distinguish the method of argumentation from the message. And since **Introduction** is described by its makers as "a first step," I suggest we might learn from its mistakes, as well as its successes, so that next time — and there will be one — we might better fortify our own arguments and advance the basic humanitarian and political truths this film strives to present.

Introduction to the Enemy, then, will not convince a harborer of doubts regarding our continued involvement in Vietnam, nor will it win over any adversaries. But it is a step — gentle and vulnerable — toward planting the complex and stubborn seed of truth.

Catherine Plumb

Letter from Jane

In April of last year, Jane Fonda, Tom Hayden and director Haskell Wexler (**Medium Cool**) made a trip to North Vietnam (they were refused visas to the South). **Introduction to the Enemy** is a film they made of their interviews with a cross-section of the people. It cost $20,000.

Some years ago I travelled in Algeria, and from that experience I have no reason to doubt the accuracy of this portrait of Vietnam. There is nothing quite like a long and successful revolutionary war to invigorate and unify a people. Nor is it surprising that the Vietnamese are gracious and friendly to Americans, or the Algerians to the French. I suspect that today in North Vietnam one could have the unique experience of seeing an infectious paradigm of a society at its euphoric peak. For a sympathetic American such an encounter would place him or her in the position of a starving peasant gazing into a King's banquet hall.

I can imagine this, partially, but I cannot find it in this film. Rather than respectful contemplation, these pictures bear a resemblance to the breezy sort of TV news report, complete with an on-the-spot commentator. The wisdom of this approach for Vietnam seems most dubious as one watches the ubiquitous Ms. Fonda gesturing and struggling to translate the simple French phrases of a Hanoi author whom she is interviewing. I am always happy to watch Jane Fonda, and to listen to her, and I am glad she was awestruck, but she tended to overwhelm the vibrations of the country and its people. The result of this is a sort of *Alice in Wonderland*, without the wonderland.

A woman — the commanding general of the Viet Cong forces — says that the U.S. lost because it tried to fight guerrillas with regular tactics; guerrilla warfare is a people's war; the U.S. used helicopters to speed troops where they were needed; it failed to realise that the people are everywhere. But, unfortunately, nearly everyone Fonda and Hayden talked with seems to have responded by parroting the official line, and in the most ideological terms. I say "unfortunately" not because the filmmakers accept these replies unquestioningly, but because these verbal clichés are, for the most part, the closest the film gets to the souls of the people. It is not enough for a documentary to show smiling faces and to freeze a few close-ups. And a good

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Catherine Plumb is a freelance writer based in New York. Her articles and reviews have previously appeared in Take One *and* Jump Cut.

documentary needs all the potent and concise editing that is lacking in these lackadaisical 65 minutes.

A few years ago, Jean-Luc Godard and Jean-Pierre Gorin made a short called **Letter to Jane** which, by studying a magazine photo of Jane Fonda with some North Vietnamese soldiers, reached the conclusions that the culture gap was too vast for her to cross, and that her response, as shown on her face, was a reiteration of a clichéd response going back to the New Deal. (Godard's later confession that he himself could never be anything but a bourgeois filmmaker clarified the meaning of his short.)

Well, it seemed to me that **Introduction to the Enemy** proves Godard and Gorin correct, for essentially the film is a sequel to that infamous still photo, and makes explicit a critique which had appeared too hypothetical. So I asked Jane Fonda what she thought of **Letter to Jane**:

"I never saw it," she replied, "but I read the script and then I filed it away as an example of..." (here ensued a choking 15-second struggle for the right words) "... narrow-minded male chauvinist sectarianism."

Tag Gallagher

Robin Spry's

ACTION

Making a "Crisis"

October 16, 1970. A crucial day in Quebec's history. With British diplomat James Cross and Quebec Cabinet Minister Pierre Laporte both being held by radical separatist cells, the Federal Government, professing to fear an armed insurrection, passes the War Measures Act and the army invades the province. October 16 was also the day when the National Film Board, aware that the political crisis had reached new heights, gave permission to three production units, two French and one English, comprising some thirty filmmakers, to go out and shoot events as they were happening. (Good timing, since Laporte was to be assassinated the next day.) Shooting lasted for about ten days, until the end of the "October Crisis."

Once filmed, the material was left untouched for a two-year period after the events, for numerous reasons, but mainly on account of the trials of the alleged kidnappers. Then Robin Spry — director of a controversial documentary on the 1968 Chicago riots, **Prologue**, that won the Robert Flaherty Award of the British Film Institute — started extracting the footage concerning English Montreal's **Reaction** to the death of Pierre Laporte. Meanwhile, four leading French filmmakers of the National Film Board, after seeing the stored material, decided that it was unsatisfactory and thus that the projected film on the topic was not to be done. For his part, Spry, in the process of doing **Reaction**, had sensed that a film on the actual political events leading to Laporte's death was an essential prerequisite to his film. Since the French filmmakers had abandoned the idea, Spry went ahead and prepared what was to become **Action** simultaneously, thus making two films on the one budget. To complete the visual documentation, additional stock shots were obtained from three television stations, namely Radio-Canada, CBC, its English counterpart, and CFCF.

Action, a 90-minute documentary, is a highly instructive survey of the development of the séparatist movement in Quebec, from the 40s to October 1970. First warning of future troubles, we witness the Murdochville strike. Then, with the death of Maurice Duplessis in the late 50s, a long-time advocate of an independent Quebec, "La belle province" enters a new era with the rising power of the Liberal Party under Jean Lesage and the emergence of the Quiet Revolution, a phase of growing political awareness. The film then casts a glance at a number of critical events: the alarming FLQ (Quebec Liberation Front) terrorist bombings (1963-64); the cautionary visit of Queen Elizabeth, which deteriorated in the Saturday of the Truncheon, a confrontation between Separatists and the police force (1964); the convivial visit of President Charles de Gaulle and his famous "Vive le Québec libre" speech (1967); and the tempestuous Saint-Jean-Baptiste Day parade, a usually-peaceful celebration, when beer bottles were thrown at Prime Minister Trudeau. That incident was followed by the critical elections of 1970, considered a deception by many Quebecers since René Lévesque's separatist Parti Québécois, which won 24 percent of the vote, only obtained 6 percent of the seats in the provincial parliament. It was that same year, on October 5, that the crisis broke out with the kidnapping of James

Tag Gallagher is a New Yorker who has written for The Village Voice, Changes, Film Comment *and* Sight and Sound.

Screen credits.

It's not just the "auteur" — the director or producer — who makes a film successful. Now scores of other talented craftsmen, so vital to filmmaking, have a chance to speak. Here is Lonne Elder III on writing the screenplay for *Sounder,* Pandro S. Berman on producing *Top Hat* and *National Velvet,* Laszlo Kovacs on photographing *Easy Rider,* Charlton Heston on working with Welles, Peckinpah and Wyler, Frank Heller on editing *Bullitt,* and many more outstanding professionals in "a fine book . . . a pleasure to read."—Tracy Keenan Wynn. Illustrated, $9.95 at all bookstores

FILMMAKING

THE COLLABORATIVE ART

Donald Chase for the American Film Institute

LITTLE, BROWN

Les Ordres

Richard Cross.

From hereon, the film focuses on the October turmoil: the initial request of the first FLQ cell and the politicians' reactions; the reading of the FLQ manifesto on Radio-Canada, the French-language national radio and television network; the kidnapping of Pierre Laporte; the decision of the politicians not to yield to the FLQ demands; the declaration of the War Measures Act and the settlement of the army in Quebec; the death and funeral of Laporte; the search for the two FLQ cells; the debate about whether the War Measures Act, implying the loss of civil rights for all citizens, is justified and the explanations of government leaders — Montreal Mayor Jean Drapeau, Quebec Premier Robert Bourassa and Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau; the discovery of the place where James Cross was being held as a hostage and the steps leading to his release; and finally the capture of Pierre Laporte's kidnappers.

It should be stressed that in spite of **Action**'s political implications, it never takes sides, but plainly and objectively states the facts. In the meantime, as for a French counterpart to **Action**, the idea has been taken up by the editor of **Les Ordres**, Yves Dion, who plans to overcome the challenge of making a film with the already existing material. More to come? That would be fascinating. Keep in touch.

René Rozon

Michel Brault's

LES ORDRES

The victims speak

Michel Brault is perhaps Quebec's most accomplished filmmaker. He started his career mainly as a cameraman for various directors (Claude Jutra, Gilles Groulx, Denis Héroux), but managed to co-direct (**Les raquetteurs**, 1958) and direct (**La lutte**, 1961) a number of shorts. In 1959, he met Jean Rouch, French ethnologist and filmmaker, and acted as cameraman for his film **Chronique d'un été** (1960). Rouch is known to have heavily influenced Brault towards a meaningful use of the Candid Eye. After this experiment, Brault shot other feature films, including Jutra's autobiographical **À tout prendre** (1963). With **Pour la suite du monde** (1963), a feature-length documentary on the life of an elderly couple in a remote region of Quebec, he became co-director with Pierre Perrault, aside from being the film's cinematographer. In 1967, Brault directed his own feature, **Entre la mer et l'eau douce**, a love story which he himself wrote, shot and edited. After shooting more features, namely Jutra's **Mon Oncle Antoine** (1971) and **Kamouraska** (1972), Brault has just directed **Les Ordres**.

An emotionally rich rendition of a critical period in our history, **Les Ordres** is in sharp contrast to the neutral tone of **Action**, Robin Spry's documentary also dealing with the October Crisis of 1970. Here, **Les Ordres** scrutinizes the real victims of the War Measures Act — those citizens who were picked out seemingly at random, awkwardly arrested without charge, tactlessly taken from their homes, held in prison for days and weeks, and finally — innocent after all — released. But first, they were subjected to the vicissitudes of incarceration. And prison life — we are shown — is no life. We follow every step of the humiliating process these "prisoners" have to go through: removal of personal belongings, thorough physical examination, the wearing of a uniform, the haircut, the cell with bars, the inedible food. Dehumanizing devices are also at work: the loss of the notion of time, which becomes endless; the continual searches of the cells by guards; the aimless turning in circles in scant space all day long; the threat of punishments, of death even. One feels that, even guilty, prisoners should be spared this kind of treatment, let alone when they are innocent.

The film centres on five characters: Clermont Boudreau (Jean Lapointe), a taxi driver, and his wife Marie (Hélène Loiselle), an honest, ordinary couple struggling to sustain a family; Jean-Marie Beauchemin (Guy Provost), the doctor whose wife is expecting a child at any moment; Richard Lavoie (Claude Gauthier), an unemployed young father who is made to believe he will be sentenced to death; and Claudette Dusseault (Louise Forestier), the social worker whose apartment is sacked by the police. Their anger, anxiety and frustrations are beautifully delineated through an eloquent script, written by Brault himself, that manages to keep the drama in check, while it remains effective at the emotional level. This quality is further emphasized by the physical presence, rather than the mere participation, of five very talented artists, and their acting is flawless.

A number of refinements, unexpected in a political film, are worth stressing. Brault based his script on factual evidence: of the more than 400 persons arrested during the October Crisis, 50 were interviewed. The five main characters he developed thus epitomize a number of prisoners. This concern for actual events partly accounts, along with the fine acting and excellent direction, for the documentary look and finish of the film. But in fact, **Les Ordres** is a fictionalized documentary, and in order to dissipate any confusion that may arise in the mind of the audience, the actors, at the beginning of the film, introduce themselves as actors and define the role they are about to play in the film. A simple device which heightens the film's dramatic impetus. **Les Ordres** is convincing precisely because it is frank and direct, without ever being crude or vulgar. Another stylistic subtlety is the passage from black-and-white, when the characters are normal citizens, to subdued colour, when they become prisoners. This technical device, conveying two different worlds, creates diversity without harming the dramatic content of the plot: Brault breathes cinematic tactfulness.

Unlike **Action**, the Crisis itself is totally avoided: never heard nor seen, except in a caption at the beginning of the film. The only allusion to the hidden forces behind the tragic and unjust situation before us are the arresting-officers' lines: "Those are the orders" and "We follow the orders." But where do the orders come from? From above, from the political structure. The people we watch on the screen are being manipulated abusively by those very forces which are supposedly protecting them. This indirect approach allows for a very sophisticated political film, permitting concentration on the human conflicts engendered by an oppressive political action. A very persuasive description of innocents caught in a political maze, and also, paradoxically, a reflection of Quebec's loss of innocence.

René Rozon

René Rozon, a regular Take One contributor, is Assistant Editor and film critic for Quebec's Vie des Arts *magazine.*

Columns

Overlooked and Underrated

Savage Messiah, Dir. Ken Russell. Ken Russell is strange. He makes strange movies about average people doing strange things. Ken Russell. What can be said? Who can forget Alan Bates eating that fig in **Women in Love**? Or the superb mediocrity of Twiggy singin' and dancin' (just like Ruby!) in **The Boyfriend.** But do you remember Dorothy Tutin crying at the end of **Savage Messiah**? **Messiah** (1972) is the story of a young artist who falls in love with a woman twice his age prior to World War I. Scott Anthony is the young artist. What distinguishes this from other Russell films is it's coolness. There isn't the eroticism of **Women in Love,** the greyness of **The Devils** or the G-rating of **The Boyfriend.** What there is, is a study of a time prior to the Jazz Age when we were loosing our innocence and our purity of ideals was threatened. Well, we all know what happened and it's nice to go back and take a look. Also, this Russell film doesn't star Glenda Jackson, Oliver Reed and/or Christopher Gable. It stars two characters striving to maintain their ideals in a less than ideal world.

Robert Muller

Lucky Luciano. Dir. Francesco Rosi. There's likely to be a wholesale stampede of film buffs *away* from this Rosi gem in view of the fact that the picture is getting the Kung Fu-Pasta Western-Black Cut and Slash treatment from bookers in major cities. It's making money in the grind houses, attracting the 10-to-18-year-olds who make up their own dialogue in lieu of reading the subtitles; but, for what it's worth, this film is nearly as good as Rosi's **The Mattei Affair** (which died outside of cinemah-drunk New York). Rosi's fascination with the public façade of heroic figures — be they bandits, gangsters, or elusive industrialists — coupled with his meticulous laying-on of detail to flesh out the neo-journalistic skeleton of his narratives, makes this Eisensteinian study of the symbiotic relationship of corrupt power-mongering, gangsterism, and international politics a fascinating exercise from Italy's only surviving neo-realist.

Don Druker

Richard. Dir. Lorees Yerby and Harry Hurwitz. There is precious little subtlety in this *Mad*-like comedy chronicle about a serious little man on his way up. Richard is played by Nixon look-alike Richard M. Dixon and the film is, albeit unconsciously but by strict definition, a monster movie of the highest order. Richard is created by madmen, manufactured like Frankenstein's Monster from a variety of parts. Like the Wolfman, he is given to furtive prowling and howling at the moon, if through intermediaries. He has been capable of being as invisible as Claude Rains ever was. Like Dracula, he sucks the life out of those around him. Like most monsters, Richard is inhuman — or at least sub-human — and as such considers himself above all human law, preferring his own. Like Christopher Lee and other horror actors, Richard loves to play the grotesque victim, the accursed creature, lonely and innocent. **Richard,** the film, works mainly through parodies of other films including **Clockwork Orange,** and is ably acted by a strong cast who obviously delighted in their work. Much of the film is quite funny, and although it is clumsily made you will probably, depending on your politics, enjoy it immensely. The ads say, "It's Richard — singing and dancing and romancing his way into your hearts." And this is precisely the image one feels the real Richard would have liked to effect for us.

David Bartholomew

Film as Business

Option agreements

You are a producer seeking to acquire motion picture rights in a book in which you have found potential cinematic merit. Your means are moderate and you have neither the backing of a large conglomerate nor rich relatives. If the book is an international best seller, forget it — as even an option price is probably too rich for your blood. But, if the book has lain dormant for a period of years — and does not inspire spirited bidding among your competitive producers — how should you go about acquiring rights in the desired property?

The normal answer to this question is the process of optioning. While the use of the option technique is valuable in many areas in putting together a theatrical package, it can be critical for you at this juncture. For it allows you — the prospective producer — to gain on generally favorable terms the right to acquire what may be a very valuable property pending the time when you can secure the necessary personnel, facilities and financing for your venture. Furthermore, if your project does not work out, you can let the option lapse without significant additional loss. Such loss would be your fate had you finally purchased the desired rights in the property directly.

What is an option? In short, it is the exclusive opportunity for a period of time to enter into a binding contract granting you rights in a property (or any other thing of value). It is a contract in itself — a binding agreement of full, formal effect — although its ultimate result may be dependent on the execution of additional documents. What the option does is, for a reasonable negotiated price or consideration, hold a property exclusively for you. The seller or grantor cannot otherwise deal with it during the option period. It allows you time to prepare your screenplay and to gather together the other elements of your production. For what may be as little as a few hundred dollars (or as much as many thousands), you have bought the time to put your project together.

Generally, an option grants you no rights other than these. You cannot definitively proceed with your project and utilize the book as the basis of your motion picture without exercising it. You own no literary rights or copyrights by virtue of it. You merely have a call on the property for a set price and period to be implemented or not at your discretion.

Of course, the option contract must contain representations by the author or owner that he has clear title to his property — that he has the right to grant you the

> “Having made **The Godfather**, I was then in a position to make probably 3 or 4, maybe more, films that didn't do well, and weren't even good, before it would catch up with me. In other words, having made such a big success, I had a career for life. In fact the only way I could really cut that off, would be to make a sequel to **The Godfather**, and have it fail. Then I could be back where I was after **Finian's Rainbow** in maybe 2 pictures. Because it would seem the first **Godfather** was either an accident, or really the work of Al Ruddy, or Bob Evans.
>
> So I took the chance.
>
> — Francis Ford Coppola, in *City* magazine ”

exclusive rights that will become yours if the option is exercised, and that there is no document or claim or lawsuit that jeopardizes or subordinates these rights. In brief, he cannot lawfully purport to offer you that which he does not own or control.

Time is of the essence in the option contract. From the producer's point of view, the longer that time the better. For it may take months, many months, or even years to create a satisfactory screenplay and gather together the other necessary creative elements and funds to make your film. Of course the author or owner may look at this quite differently, as he has sacrificed his flexibility in dealing with his property for the agreed period.

In any event, if the option contract states that it must be exercised on or before a particular date and in a particular manner, these requirements are essential. February 28th is not February 29th, except in leap year, and payment of X dollars is not payment of Y dollars if required on or before that date. The option must be exercised in precisely the manner set forth in the contract.

Options are ordinarily exercised by notice either personally delivered to the granting party or by registered or certified mail postmarked or received on or before a certain date. Nothing, however, prevents notification in a different manner, if so set forth. Frequently the notice is to be accompanied by full or partial payment for the acquisition of rights set forth in the option.

An acquisition contract must accompany or be a part of the option agreement. It is of no avail for a seller or licensee to grant you an option to acquire rights unless the terms of that acquisition are specifically set forth or a method of determining those terms simultaneously established. Parties cannot legally agree to agree later, for example, on the proposed price for the grant or the method of payment. Agreements to agree without any method of determining terms are not binding at law and as a producer what you need is a binding commitment in the event you determine to exercise the option and proceed with your project.

Consequently there is generally attached to the option agreement what is called an Exhibit A agreement which goes into effect as, when and if (and only as, when and if) the option is exercised. If it is not so exercised the Exhibit A agreement is null and void and without effect.

The Exhibit A agreement is a full transfer of the rights granted and will be the subject of another effort in this space at a future time. Suffice it to say here that it spells out in detail the nature of the grant from author or owner to producer — the limitations on any rights transferred — the representations and obligations of both parties in all relevant respects — as well as the specific purchase price involved.

By careful use of the option technique not only in book acquisitions but for creating screenplays, hiring facilities and lining up talent, the careful producer can limit his expenditures and risks and keep his project within reasonable bounds pending a decision on whether to go forward with the production of a motion picture. The experienced producer knows its value — the inexperienced had best consider it.

Michael F. Mayer

Letter from Toronto

IMAX — Five Years After

In May, 1970 the IMAX widescreen process made its spectacular debut as part of the Canadian exhibit at the Osaka Worlds Fair. It was hailed by critics as the "ultimate blockbuster" and as the "Cinema of the Future". Since then some ten films have been made in the new ratio varying from 8 to 23 minutes in length and like the early Cinerama films, they mostly exploit the panoramic possibilities of the large screen. For the revolutionary part of the IMAX technology is that by passing the film horizontally through the projector it produces a larger picture with greater clarity then ever before. The image which is projected on a curved screen 90 feet wide by 67 feet high totally engulfs the spectator's peripheral vision and thus gives the illusion that he is part of the picture. A single frame of IMAX consists of three frames of 70 millimeter placed horizontally. The image is more stable than Cinerama with greater apparent depth than conventional 70 millimeter. It also has a considerably longer print life since the "rolling loop" mechanism used in the IMAX projector is smoother-running than the "claw" system used by vertical projectors.

IMAX was developed by the Multiscreen Corporation (Box 224, Cambridge, Ontario, Canada) which has a patent on the projectors and leases them to clients with camera equipment if required. The company is composed of Bill Shaw, designer of the IMAX projector, Bob Kerr, Managing Director, with Graeme Ferguson and Roman Kroitor as film makers. Graeme Ferguson, who has directed three IMAX pictures and photographed two of them, told me recently that he has temporarily halted future production plans in order to devote himself entirely to promoting the IMAX system internationally. "The great need now is for a network of IMAX-equipped theatres in major cities to make feasible the production of IMAX features." Two major studios in Hollywood are currently considering adopting the process but they are waiting for exhibitors to make the first move. The possibility of an IMAX feature has greatly increased with the success of **Man Belongs to the Earth** at the 1974 Worlds Fair in Spokane Washington. This is an IMAX film — produced by Paramount Pictures, directed by Graeme Ferguson and narrated by Chief Dan George — on the need for protecting the environment. It was viewed by 2¼ million people last summer, including several Hollywood executives seeing the process for the first time. Paramount has now commissioned a second IMAX film which will trace the 200 year history of America but "not in a typical history lesson or documentary way". This will be made in the United States and shown as part of Philadelphia's Bicentennial Celebrations in 1976.

Graeme Ferguson points out that "although a twenty-minute IMAX film may cost as much as $250,000 to produce, when they are exhibited at Ontario Place the films are seen by an average of 1¼ million people a year. This far outstrips the audience for most Canadian features, and a charge of 50 cents a head would easily recover their production cost". The films are currently shown free of charge in the Cinesphere at Ontario Place once the one dollar admission to the grounds has been paid and they are a major attraction among holiday crowds at Toronto's waterfront entertainment park. A new IMAX film is currently in production for the 1975 season on the effect of Energy on society in all its aspects: muscular, mechanical, nuclear, hydro and petroleum. It is being directed by Morten Parker and photographed by Don Wilder.

Perhaps the most ambitious IMAX production so far is Graeme Ferguson's **Snow Job** (1974). This is the first dramatic film to be made in the process and was scripted by Don Harron, who also appears in the film with Barbara Hamilton, as the zany driver of a school bus who commandeers a variety of other vehicles to take an appendicitis patient to hospital. The techniques used recall the cliff-hanger sequences of the early silent movies. Graeme Ferguson admits a generous debt to Chaplin and Keaton although "the original idea came from a little known George Formby picture **It's in the Air**. We felt the form of a visual comedy would particularly appeal to the family audiences that come to Ontario Place in the summer". The film succeeds best in its speeded-up action sequences when the camera is placed on the nose of an airplane looping the loop or on a runaway snowmobile dodging skiers and ploughing through a haystack. The dialogue scenes are less successful because of the difficulty of moving the bulky IMAX camera when it is blimped for sound.

Besides the facilities at Ontario Place and Spokane, a giant IMAX theatre has been built in a circus tent by Ringling

Michael Mayer is a partner in the New York theatrical law firm of Mayer & Bucher. He has authored numerous articles and books on motion pictures, most recently The Film Industries — Practical Business/Legal Problems in Production, Distribution and Exhibition, *published by Hastings House, N.Y.*

One frame from ***Man Belongs to the Earth,*** *shown here actual size.*

Brothers, Barnum & Bailey in Orlando, Florida. A 25-minute IMAX film entitled **Circus World** was produced by Roman Kroitor to provide a preview of the new entertainment complex to be built on this site. The film was seen by only small audiences in 1974, however, as financing for the completion of the rest of the park has been suspended.

A fourth theatre, the Reuben H. Fleet Space Theatre in San Diego, California uses an IMAX projector fitted with a fish eye lens projecting onto the inside of a dome. This system known as OMNIMAX encircles the audience to a still greater degree but has a seating capacity of only 300, compared to the 800 seat IMAX theatres. Three new IMAX theatres are scheduled for Philadelphia, Washington, D.C., and Niagara Falls but these will not be completed until 1976.

The industry, then, is hovering on the verge of a commercial take-off. Perhaps what is needed are not only more theatres but better films. There is a need for a greater experimentation and wider participation by independent filmmakers in the process. The existing IMAX films are often little more than public relations films for certain government departments responsible for their production. They would attract little interest if they were shown in the conventional 35mm or 16mm ratios. Perhaps international filmmakers should be invited by the Canadian Government to come to Canada and make a film using the process. Perhaps the Canadian Film Development Corporation could be persuaded to invest in an independently-produced IMAX film. It would be interesting to see what some of the radical Quebec directors such as Michel Brault could do with the process. IMAX, after all, is one of Canada's few original contributions to the cinema and it deserves more recognition and promotion.

What is needed above all, as Graeme Ferguson points out, is "a new kind of script to develop the special potential of the IMAX process as it has not been used before". The films so far have merely provided a grammar. These discoveries need now to be synthesized into a whole new language for IMAX.

Alan Collins

Letter from Sweden

Sista natten in old Stockholm

One advantage Stockholm has over Paris, where I live, is that the Swedes screen all foreign-language films undubbed. In Paris, outside the Champs-Elysées and the Latin Quarter, the *version originale* is found only in scattered art houses. Stockholm is also more civilised in other ways: pleasanter people, more green space, fewer uniformed police. A drawback is the climate, which after a Canadian winter is liable to hit you with an English summer, as was the case when I visited Stockholm last fall. Most of the time, I didn't need even a professional excuse to dodge into a movie theatre.

There are about 45 to choose from, seat prices in the downtown area averaging about 12 kroner (about $2.40). Newspapers generally advertise film titles in Swedish only, despite the fact that young Swedes, at least, speak excellent English. So deciding what you want to see can require a bit of legwork, and "Sista natten med Ganget," for example, turns out to be **American Graffiti.**

Hollywood, as you'd expect, has a firm grip on the market. Five American companies — Cinema International Corporation, Disney, Fox-MGM, United Artists, and Warner-Columbia — distribute through local subsidiaries. Indirectly, nevertheless, they help finance the Swedish film industry. Ten percent of gross box office receipts go to the Swedish Film Institute, which uses just over half the money to subsidise Swedish productions. The Swedish industry's share of direct box office receipts averages about 18 percent annually. In addition, it receives an annual government grant of 3,400,000 kroner (about $680,000).

The film getting the biggest play in Stockholm while I was there was **The Exorcist**, booked into two first-run theatres. This struck me as odd: even with Max von Sydow, **The Exorcist** would seem a hard film to sell in what is, after all, the most advanced model to date of a rational society. But a revival of **Rosemary's Baby** was also running, so perhaps that old black magic does have its attraction for the Swedes. A quarter of them still go to church, and one doesn't forget the religious *Angst* of the younger Bergman.

I gave **The Exorcist** a miss and went instead to see **The Tamarind Seed**, where I found myself one of an audience of six. Cinema attendance in Sweden has almost halved in the past 10 years, but I guess the problem on this occasion was that Julie Andrews isn't everyone's glass of schnapps. There was a packed house the next night, however, at a cinema where **Thunderbolt and Lightfoot** was playing, and it was a shame to see all those likeable kids laughing their blond heads off over the kind of film that spits in your eye, as it were, while picking your pocket.

Because of the dwindling audience, some Stockholm cinemas open only in the

A Toronto filmmaker and editor, Alan Collins is currently working with OECA, Ontario's educational tv network, on a series of political documentaries about the new Africa.

evenings. If you want to kill an hour or two on a rainy afternoon, you head for somewhere like The Woodstock (one minute's walk from the YMCA), which from 12 noon onward screens what the Swedes joyfully bill as "Hardporr!"

I must have caught The Woodstock on an off week. From the photos outside the theatre, I assumed I was going to see a Swedish *oeuvre*, **Flossie** ("based on the well-known 18th-century pornographic novel," according to a Swedish Film Institute booklet), but **Flossie**, alas, was a coming attraction. What I found myself paying for was yet another exercise in diabolism, **Devil's Due**, in Grainy Pimplecolor and starring Cindy West. (Not to be confused with Cindy Williams, who turned up in an accompanying Coca-Cola advertisement. I'm not sure Miss West didn't have the moral edge.) The house was about two-thirds full, mainly of elderly men who stared at the screen with patriarchal gravity. Hardly a raunchy atmosphere. Mind you, the film was a pretty dire specimen even of its sleazy genre. I noted that the lecherous Dean Carlson, the high school teacher who rapes Miss West at the beginning of the film, had his surname Anglicised in the Swedish subtitles to Carson.

Stockholm's equivalent of the Paris Cinémathèque is the Swedish Film Institute, located in an enormous concrete rectangle facing a park on the city's outskirts. If you approach the building from the eastern end, it looks like a sound stage, and part of the premises are in fact used for making Institute-produced films. There is also a film archive, a library, a restaurant, and a 350-seat cinema where the Institute's film club screens two different films a night, six nights a week. A year's club membership costs 15 kroner ($3), and a ticket for a single screening, 6 kroner ($1.20). The August-September program included Swedish films of the 1930s, monster and science-fiction films, experimental (Maya Deren, Hans Richter) films, a homage to Simone Signoret, and a reprise of the William K. Everson detective series that played London's National Film Theatre earlier in the year.

The club doesn't make concessions for tourists, so I had to buy a membership card. I also bought a ticket for **Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back**, directed in 1933 by Roy Del Ruth. I was curious to see how a genteel chap like Ronald Colman would shape up as Drummond, who in fact (that is, fiction) was a cross between an England rugby captain and Heinrich Himmler. But of course the film was a travesty, as I knew it would be when the credits revealed the heart-sinking names of Darryl F. Zanuck and Nunnally Johnson. Apart from Loretta Young, who looks nice, and the camerawork of Peverell Marley, who achieves some interesting shadow effects during a corpse-in-the-drawing-room scene, the film's only virtue is to remind us that although movie audiences may have been more intelligent in the Thirties, Hollywood was still capable of films every bit as badly-constructed and cretinous as, say, **The King of Marvin Gardens**. Except that Roy Del Ruth, unlike Bob Rafelson, didn't pretend that he was giving us art.

A different kettle of red herring altogether was James Whale's **Remember Last Night?** Murder among the champagne-and-Bugatti set, with Robert Young and Constance Cummings as the hard-drinking young couple who are the film's ostensible hero and heroine. "Ostensible" because as the film moves from Scott 'n' Zelda hijinks against a dazzling white background to Langian gloom, you realise that all these charming people, even the non-lethal ones, are totally rotten. Whale shot the film during the full flowering of the Depression (1934), but I doubt whether he was making a deliberate social comment; it just worked out that way. I am not arguing that **Remember Last Night?** is another of those undiscovered masterpieces, merely that it is a superb entertainment movie, fast-paced and with sharp, funny dialogue. Nor can either of Whale's Frankenstein films equal for pure horror the scene where detective Edward Arnold, trying to break down a suspect (Robert Armstrong), tells him what it is like to die in the electric chair. For what it is worth, Whale also anticipates the art-film directors of the modern era by sneaking in a homage, in this case to himself. Entering a menacing cellar in the company of Robert Young, Miss Cummings remarks: "I feel like the bride of Frankenstein."

I realise at this point that I haven't reported on any Swedish films, but the plain fact is, I didn't go to see any. I did however pay a return visit to the Royal Dramatic Theatre, where in 1969 I saw Alf Sjoberg's superlative production of *The Threepenny Opera*, with Harriet Andersson as Jenny and Lena Nyman as Polly. Inspired casting, and the occasion was made even more memorable by a glimpse, in one of the theatre's upstairs corridors, of the great Ingmar himself. This time the play was *Uncle Vanya*, directed by Gunnel Lindblom. Max Beerbohm was right to warn of the dangers of judging a play performed in a language one doesn't speak, but that doesn't preclude enjoyment: Chekhov's speeches go marvelously into Swedish, one of those wounded-sounding languages, like Polish and Dublin English.

Miss Lindblom gave the play a fairly straightforward reading, apart from heightening the element of sexual frustration. (Vanya kissing Yeliena passionately on the neck instead of, as Chekhov wrote it, the hand.) To underline Sonia's fundamental innocence, she fell back on the hoary trick of having the girl take a glass of liquor and cough after the

first mouthful. The actors' teamwork, though, was so effortless that the play really seemed to be directing itself. Erland Josephson gave Astrov just the right note of alcoholic self-disdain, and Ulf Johansen, as Vanya, was the shambling personification of a wasted life. But it was Margaretha Bystrom, as Sonia, who was the most affecting performer. Physically, I suppose, she was miscast: the text describes Sonia as plain, and Miss Bystrom is rather good looking, a mixture of dairymaid freshness and radiant strength. Her Sonia was tragic precisely because of her life-enhancing qualities. Miss Bystrom can be seen in very different circumstances in Vilgot Sjoman's **Troll** (transatlanticised into **Till Sex Do Us Part**) and although she's fine, she doesn't convey the extraordinary warmth that characterises her on stage. Watching her that night, I thought of what someone said of my favorite woman jazz singer, in her lost youth: "When she walks into a room, the walls light up."

Geoffrey Minish

Coffee, Brandy & Cigars

Wasn't the chance meeting of Captain Harvey and Shanghai Lily in **Shanghai Express** like that of Amanda and Elyot in Noel Coward's **Private Lives**, which preceded it?

Did you know that Eisenstein shot 300,000 feet on **October** and wanted to edit it into two films, **Before October** and **October**? And that Griffith's first cutting of **Intolerance** ran 8 hours? He wanted to divide it into two parts, of four hours each, to be shown with a dinner intermission on successive nights.

The much-discussed frozen frame held by Truffaut at the close of **The 400 Blows** was anticipated by Griffith in the 1909 **A Corner in Wheat.**

The first Edison films (1896) were projected on a screen surrounded, as paintings are, by an elaborate gilt frame. Modigliani called frames "albatrosses around the necks of paintings". In the Orient, paintings never have frames.

A friend writes that he saw "a little Cuban masterpiece" in Havana called **Por primera vez**, about a village seeing **Modern Times**, not only their first Chaplin film, but their first film of any kind. My friend says it was marvelous.

Dreyer, after the flop of **The Passion of Joan of Arc**, supported himself writing legal notices for a Copenhagen newspaper, until Nicky de Gunzbourg came along and made **Vampyr** possible. So if a good work of yours flops, be it film, play or novel, don't be discouraged, there's always hope.

Recommended: Louise Brook's piece, "Marion Davies' Niece", in the current *Film Culture*. Sharp to the nines, as usual with her.

Recommended: Jay Leyda's compilation of three Eisenstein scripts (Harper & Row, in hardcover and paperback) — **Potemkin, October, Alexander Nevsky**, annotated and in their complete original versions, each graphically illustrated with stills. There is an introduction and a note on this edition by Leyda and, of course, an air of impeccable scholarship (making of even these familiar films something freshly fascinating) that we have come to expect of any work signed by the author of that classic history of the Russian-Soviet film, *Kino*.

Recommended: *Masterworks of the French Cinema* — René Clair's **The Italian Straw Hat**, Renoir's **Grand Illusion**, Ophuls' **La Ronde** and Clouzot's **The Wages of Fear.** The full screenplays, each illustrated with 8 pages of stills, credits, and a most cogent introduction by John Weightman. It is because we have seen these films so many times (as indeed we have the three Eisenstein ones above-mentioned) that we want so fetching a souvenir of them to read and re-read whenever the thought of the risk of seeing a new film makes one shudder. Just to have books like these close by is a comfort, for the ineffable memory of such films.

Everything about Alain Resnais' **Stavisky** bespeaks the intelligent mind behind it — the director's, for the suave and understated playing of Belmondo and Boyer (not forgetting the screenplay which is muted as if the scenarist were recounting an elegy, which in a way it is), the *décor* evoking the art-deco style of the Thirties with just the right flair and not a "grace-note" too much, the light irony of the dialogue (especially Boyer's, who plays so ingratiatingly), the pastel quality of the color photography — everything is just right and, alas I must say it, for me a trifle dull. Perhaps it is because Resnais does everything but the thing that sometimes makes an intelligently-made film a great film. What he does not do is transfigure it, he does not find the exaltation in it that makes the embers in a good film burst suddenly into a flame that transfigures the film, too, besides its subject, into a great motion picture. Maybe it wasn't possible this time. I think of it only because it *is* an intelligent film, and it's been so long since I've seen a great new film, so long...

Herman G. Weinberg

Herman G. Weinberg has contributed articles to most of the world's leading film journals, served on the juries of various film festivals, been U.S. correspondent for Sight & Sound *as well as* Cahiers du Cinéma *and published several books on the cinema, of which the most recent is* The Complete Wedding March *(Little, Brown).*

Geoff Minish usually writes for us from Paris, where he works for Agence France Presse.

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The Sound of One Hand Clapping: The A.F.I. Salute to Orson Welles

I was hoping he'd say no.

That he'd stand up and say thanks very much but no thanks. Try me again in a few years. Like maybe 10. Or 15.

But, or course, he didn't. Instead he gave us that hoary business about being our "obedient servant" warmed over from his radio days. Perhaps he believes it himself by now, although "obedience" has scarcely been the hallmark of Welles' beleaguered career.

And some more nonsense comparing his way of making films to our friendly neighborhood grocer's way of doing business. Neighborhood grocer? Welles?! The man is a walking shopping centre.

Penelope Houston has called Welles "the man on the cinema's conscience." And yet it's typical of Hollywood that it attempts to assuage such conscience as it does have, not by welcoming the prodigal home to direct a new four million dollar production, but by turning out for a lavish evening of tributes which, however fleetingly gratifying, were at last report not bankable. (The similarities with the way Griffith was feted and treated at the end of his career [*Take One*, Vol. 4, No. 7] are too depressingly obvious to dwell upon. But then Hollywood has always had a fondness for remakes.)

So we get a strange mish-mash of people being trotted out to offer quickie salutes which inevitably ring hollow, although some of them, no doubt, are heartfelt. Frank Sinatra. Edgar Bergen?! Natalie Wood? Johnny Carson? What do these people have to do with the career of Orson Welles? Ingrid Bergman is graceful enough to admit that she isn't sure herself why she was asked, because she's never worked with Welles nor even been married to him. There's no one from the old Mercury days except Joseph Cotton, and of all the tributes his conveys the most genuine sense of unspoken feeling. The others, I guess, have passed on like Agnes Moorehead, or like John Houseman, have long since been estranged. (Although, in an eerie bit of juxtapositional irony, Houseman turns up on the screen in a commercial immediately following the show, looking very distinguished and prosperous and suggesting in his urbane way that we buy a Volvo this year. The sort of thing, I suspect, that would have amused Welles.)

One of the surprising facts about Welles is that this year he marks only his 60th birthday. This man who seems to belong to another era altogether is, in fact, only seven years older than Penn, five years older than Fellini, three years older than Bergman. He's three years *younger* than Siegel and Antonioni, six years younger than Losey, nine years younger than Huston, Wilder, Preminger — all men who still work regularly on the sort of fully-financed major productions which are unavailable to Welles. And yet here's Welles already lionized, pantheonized and stuffed for posterity. Not that he doesn't deserve it, but why this unseemly haste?

There is no reason at his age why Welles, like Bunuel, couldn't embark on a whole new and richly creative phase. Yet the man who was voted the greatest director in film history in *Sight and Sound*'s 1972 international poll of critics hasn't made a film for a major American studio since 1958. (And even that one, **Touch of Evil**, was virtually shelved by Universal.) During the same period Sidney Lumet has, by my count, made 19. But then Hollywood logic so often seems to have been learned at the foot of the Mad Hatter. (I don't, by the way, mean to be unduly hard on Mr. Lumet. The 19 films include some good ones. But he does draw attention to himself by his very prolificacy.)

Welles has made no secret of the fact that he would love to work in Hollywood again. Since Hollywood won't have him, however, he is reduced to scrounging for money, acting in the films of lesser directors, shooting bits and pieces off and on, using his famous friends Huston, Bogdanovich *et al* as actors, when they have the time and he can get the money together for a few days of shooting. He spent 16 years on his **Don Quixote**, working in this "friendly neighborhood grocer" way. It's said to be finished now, but don't hold your breath waiting for it to come to your friendly neighborhood cinema.

If Welles didn't go so far as to refuse the A.F.I. award, he did insist on demonstrating that there was life in the old boy yet by screening two sequences from his film in progress, **The Other Side of the Wind**, which he has been trying to make for several years by this same stop-start method. Who could be expected to make anything even approaching **Kane** under these conditions? Like a man asked to clap with one hand tied behind his back, it's a tribute to Welles' resourcefulness that he is able to make any sound at all.

It is the saddest irony of Welles' paradoxical career that he, of all directors one of the least suited by temperament and talent for "corner grocery" filmmaking, is now forced to work in just this way.

Neighborhood grocer? Welles!? The man is a walking shopping centre.

Welles' aptitudes have never been for the cut-rate, his talent not for shoestring simplicity but for the richly theatrical, not for the quasi-underground but for the mainstream. Perhaps because of his stage background, Welles' real métier was studio filmmaking, not hand-to-mouthing it in the streets with makeshift crews and a little help from his friends.

If ever a director needed the resources of a big studio at his disposal it was (and is) Welles. And when he had them, however briefly, he made groundbreaking use of them. **Kane** and **Ambersons** are both studio-made pictures in the best sense of the term, with **Kane**, in particular, making brilliantly innovative use of limited studio interiors.

Despite his supposed individuality and unmanageability, Welles functioned most successfully as a director under the studio system. Sticking to his written scripts, not spending lavishly (**Kane** was made for $686,000; obviously production costs were much lower in 1940, but still the figure is quite modest: **Gone With the Wind** cost $3,700,000) in other words, working on the studio's terms, he made two enduring masterpieces, two films which properly handled probably would have been popular masterpieces as well, and yet got stuck with a reputation for extravagance and uncommerciality which haunts him to this day.

So now the resources vital to his unique artistry are denied him, and his career is measured out in the coffee spoons of progressive decline. And there is, unfortunately, little doubt that the talent has declined. The mature, almost serene control of **Ambersons** has given way to a kind of freneticism, exacerbated by the eccentric cutting he developed in Europe. These traits are still evident to some extent in the sections he showed of **The Other Side of the Wind**.

Welles has admitted himself that his filmmaking has become too "explosive", and I would add too self-conscious. But his explanation seems the right one. Because he has been prevented from working enough, when he *does* get the chance he tries, in exuberance or desperation, to pack too much in. It is at least arguable that were he given the chance he deserves to work regularly, these aberrations born of insecurity would disappear, and his fundamental talent would again reassert itself.

But, of course, there is no reason to believe he will be given this chance. Hollywood will continue to entrust many of its projects and countless of its millions to safe mediocrities, reserving only its plaques and hollow accolades for the greatest directorial talent ever to grace its sound stages.

Douglas Bowie

Doug Bowie is a Montreal-based screenwriter (his credits including George Kaczender's U-Turn).

BOOK NEWS

It's all Rights, Ma: Dalton Trumbo is at work on the script of a new film version of James Fenimore Cooper's *The Last of the Mohicans* (Col.). ... Another classic being remade is John Buchan's *The 39 Steps*, with Michael York to star under James Kenelm Clark's direction. ... Walt Disney Productions has acquired rights to *Weakfoot* by Linda Cline (a backwoods youth encounters a man who has been in hiding for 20 years). ... Producer Don Devlin has snapped up movie rights to Upton Sinclair's 1927 exposé of the oil industry, *Oil!* ... April 1 was to be the shooting start-date on the film version of Warner Bros.'s *All the President's Men* (Alan Pakula directing Redford and Hoffman). ... David Merrick has signed a deal with United Artists for the film version of Dan Jenkins' novel, *Semi-Tough*, with the screenplay to be written by Ring Lardner Jr. ... William Castle has acquired C. Terry Cline Jr's suspense novel, *Damon*, for $350,000 plus a percentage, with production this summer. ... Robert Altman is working on a script of Kurt Vonnegut's *Breakfast of Champions*, which he is to direct for producer Ron Kaufman. ... 20th Century-Fox spent a reported $200,000 for the rights to the soon-to-be-published *Night of the Juggler* (by William P. McGivern), about a psychopath who murders a girl each year on the anniversary of his mother's death. ...Herb Jaffe and Gabriel Katzka — producers of **Taking of Pelham One Two Three** — have secured rights to the Robert Stone novel, *Dog Soldiers*. Jaffe already has plans for a film version of Philip K. Dick's *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?*, while Katzka has taken an option on Max Crawford's forthcoming first novel, *Waltz Across Texas*. ... Filming has now been completed on the screen version of *Naked Came the Stranger*, the spoof sexploitation novel that was originally written by a number of *Newsday* staff-members under the pseudonym Penelope Ashe. ... 19-year-old Edgar Bronfman Jr. has picked up screen rights to Morris West's best-selling *Harlequin*. ... Columbia has paid a reported $150,000 (plus a percentage of the profits) for Marvin Albert's forthcoming novel, *The Gargoyle Conspiracy*, about an assassin's attempts to sabotage Arab-Israeli peace negotiations. ... Paul Monash has optioned *For Love or Money*, by Roy Doliner, about a deceased Jewish restaurateur who is commissioned to open an eating place in Heaven. ... Columbia is now readying their filmic adaptation of the Derek Marlowe thriller, *Somebody's Sister*. ... Producer David Picker and director Arthur Penn have swept up screen rights to *New York Times*man Tom Wicker's *A Time to Die* about the Attica Prison riot. ... Bob Fosse spent some of his time in bed, recuperating from open-heart surgery, lining up his filmic adaptation of Hilma Wolitzer's novel, *Ending*. ... Two Paris-based producers, Ted Richmond and Robert Dorfmann, have acquired the motion picture rights to Pierre Boulle new novel, *Virtues of Hell*. ... While in London, Jerome Epstein will be making a film of Frederick Forsyth's new *The Trojan Code*. ... Gene Corman, now working for UA, has scheduled summer location shooting on *A Coffin for Dimitrios*, based on the Eric Ambler novel. ... Raquel Welch Productions has acquired film rights to Morris Renek's novel, *Siam Miami*, about a woman singer. ... Isn't Paramount talking to Harvey Hart about a screen version of Philip Roth's *Letting Go*? ... And isn't Jeffrey Konvitz talking to Genevieve Bujold about playing the lead in his adaptation of his own novel, *The Sentinel*, for Universal? ... Michael Winner has now been signed to direct (and co-produce) the Warner Bros. film of Harold Robbins' Middle East novel, *The Pirate*. ... And Joseph E. Levine has announced that the film version of Cornelius Ryan's last book, *A Bridge Too Far* (about the WWII Arrhem battle), will be his latest (and most important) production.

The American Film Institute has signed an agreement with the Microfilming Corporation of America for the distribution, in microfiche form, of the materials produced over the past five years in some 225 seminars and 40 oral histories.

The new *Quarterly Review of Film Studies* (first issue: this September) promises to be truly scholarly in intent, international in scope and interdisciplinary in outlook. Each roughly-160-page issue (at $14 a year for individuals, $22 for institutions) will contain scholarly articles on film topics, in-depth review essays on current books and film journals, plus news of film programs, film archives and film research activities. Editorial address: Library Learning Center 283, University of Wisconsin-Parkside, Kenosha, Wisconsin 53140 (414-553-2601).

REVIEWS

The Count: The Life and Films of Bela "Dracula" Lugosi, by Arthur Lennig. Putnam's. $10.00 (In Canada: Longman; $12.95).

He once chilled countless children and grown-up children in the dark recesses of movie theaters throughout the world. Not long ago he frequently enlivened TV screens with performances in movies which could most generously be called second-rate, but which nevertheless might have been unbearable without his presence. But now the penetrating eyes, the suave façades, and the intense malevolence which so often dominated his portrayals are forgotten by many and even unknown to others.

Fortunately, almost twenty years after Bela Lugosi's death, someone has

"(expletive deleted)

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finally taken the trouble to do the extensive research necessary to produce the first full-length biography of that talented Hungarian actor who attained fame via his poetically eerie title role in the 1931 film version of **Dracula**. Arthur Lennig, a professor of film, was equal to the task. A long-time admirer of Mr. Lugosi, Lennig has come up with many bits and pieces of relatively obscure information and attempted to integrate them into a cohesive portrait of the horror film star's life and work. The result is less than perfect, but it is competently written and far from dull.

What emerges is a rather conventional chronicle of Bela Lugosi's life, from his early years as a serious actor in the Hungarian theater (where he was given significant parts in important works), to his political involvement leading to exile, the struggle to find work in Germany, and his subsequent arrival in the United States. At this point Lennig details how the actor gained a foothold in both American theater and film, including a discussion of his role in the successful Broadway play, *Dracula*, which eventually led to a spectacular rise to stardom with the film version.

From that point on, Lugosi's road was essentially downhill, for he had already been typecast as a heavy and/or supernatural being. This classification, due in part to the actor's peculiar intonation and accent, was to continually trap him in roles he didn't particularly want to do. He worked his way through many such performances in films made by the major studios in the 1930s and early '40s. Yet few of these films, through no fault of Lugosi's, could recapture the sensation that **Dracula** had created. Even though the latter's box office success had helped save Universal from collapse in the early '30s, all the major studios began to ignore Lugosi's talent. Through most of the '40s and early '50s he was forced to do unimportant and often silly films for Monogram and other low-budget producers. All along, he gave performances which were usually vastly better than the films deserved, trying to transcend the degradation which he felt inside. It was a rather melancholy business for a man who had once played Shakespeare to rave reviews in his homeland to be starring in movies like **The Ape Man, The Corpse Vanishes,** and the incredibly asinine **Bela Lugosi Meets a Brooklyn Gorilla.**

When he died in 1956, Lugosi had also been through a worsening personal situation. His marital problems, financial difficulties, and bout with drug addiction are all treated with compassion in ***The Count***, but it is unfortunate that Lennig does not devote more space to Lugosi's personality and private affairs instead of dwelling on too many plot summaries and critiques of minor films.

This shortcoming results in a fragmented, ambiguous depiction of Lugosi, the man. The anecdotes and quotations which are provided are disparate enough to leave contradictory impressions. For example, Lennig at one point leads one to believe that Lugosi was basically a recluse who constantly sought to get away from it all and devote his time to profound philosophical musings. Yet on other occasions he is presented as a rather ordinary fellow who not only relished good company and conversation, but also liked to bask in the attentions of his fans. The question of whether one of these traits was dominant, or whether each was a pole in a split personality, is left up in the air.

The author partially compensates for his book's flaws, however, with his perceptive analysis of Lugosi's audience appeal, interesting discussions of behind-the-scenes maneuverings during production of certain horror films, and a poignant description of his own last personal meeting with the actor in 1948. In addition, the book commendably contains several rare, nicely-reproduced photos of the star at various stages of his career, as well as an extensive filmography.

Altogether, ***The Count*** does shed some new light on one of the great workhorses of the horror film. It is a sympathetic, sad tribute to a man who was neither fully appreciated nor understood, but who left a unique legacy to the American Cinema.

Nathan Rosenstein

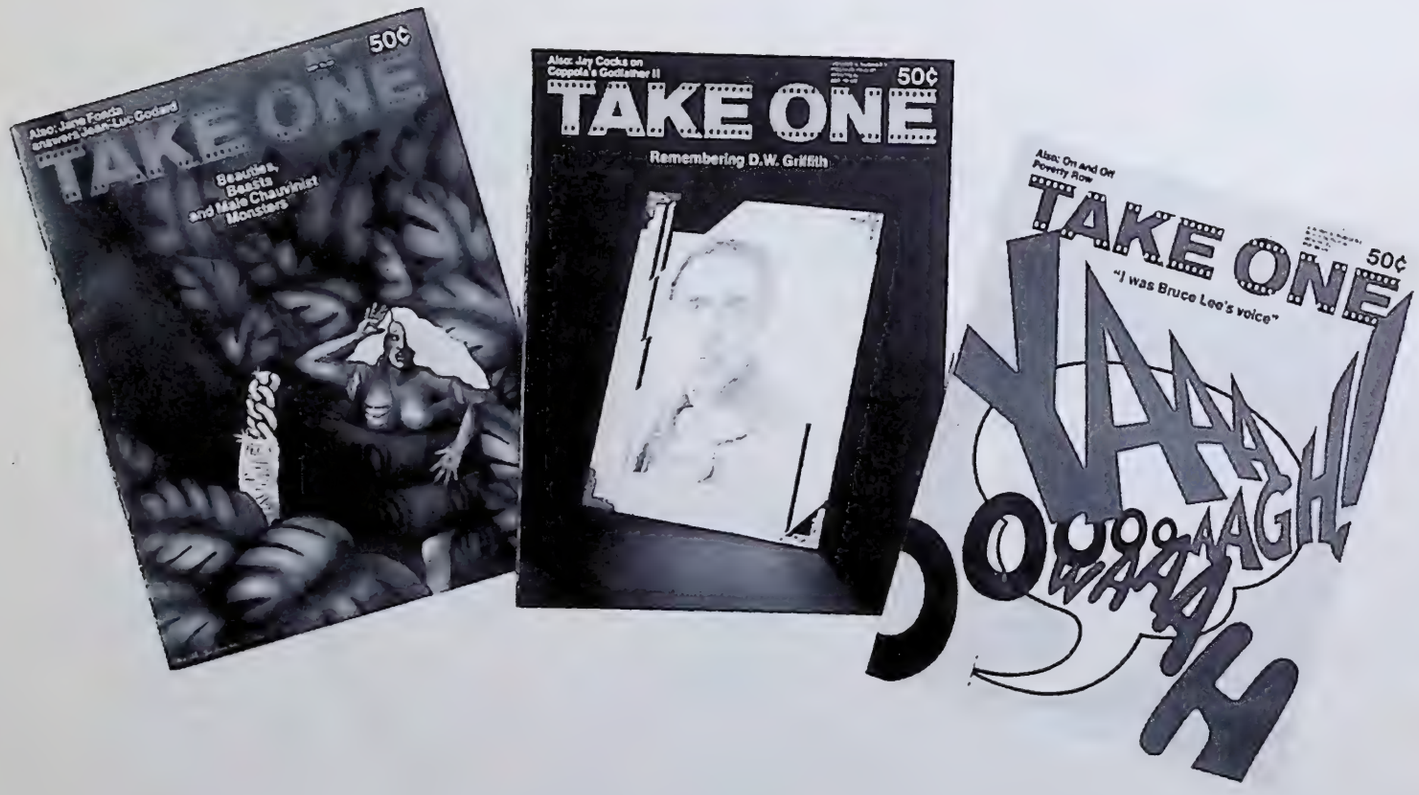
Ozu: His Life and Films, by Donald Richie. University of California Press. 275 pp. $14.50.

When will someone break Donald Richie's monopoly as *the* interpreter of Japanese films in the English-speaking world? When will another film historian be able to subject the products of Richie's formidable familiarity with Japanese language, letters, and filmmakers to analysis and criticism? These questions are doubly rhetorical because one asks them knowing that the answer is "Not soon". And one knows as well that, until an alternate critic emerges, a reviewer must oscillate uneasily between gratitude for the absolutely useful books Richie writes and a partly instinctive, partly rationalized resistance to their nearly universal status as "definitive" studies.

Long considered by the Japanese as their most exemplary exponent of traditional values, Ozu evades the hasty categorization in religious or anthropological terms that has usually informed most Western criticism of his work. In addition, though his films are evidently similar in appearance and share a limited reserve of thematic materials, they strongly resist global descriptions. Ozu's films are remembered for their particular moments — faces stolidly smiling or exploding into tears, the lighting and angle of a shot, dialogue fragments, the shifts in viewpoint — far more than for the large themes and narrative entanglements dear to most critics. Fortunately, Richie's Japanese connection and his inductive method's attention to concrete detail matches Ozu's sensibility perfectly and contributes a great deal to our understanding of Ozu's work. Richie's patient cataloging of thematic motifs, his ability to reveal in the geometricized Ozu shot a metaphorical dialogue of planned/unplanned and present/future comprehend only some of this study's strengths. Even the organization of ***Ozu*** affords an intimate sense of his working procedures from the primacy of casting and character, through the development of the dialogue into an elaborate system of parallel motifs which provide the films' infrastructures. Richie also correctly stresses the structural centrality of the scene for Ozu, his preference for simple symmetrical patterns of shot sizes in sequences, and the overall circularity of narrative shape.

This essential descriptive infor-

Nathan Rosenstein is a freelance writer.



mation serves as a background against which the crucial aspects of Ozu's work — performance style, "mood", editing discontinuity, and narration — emerge into sharper focus. Westerners have often been disconcerted by Ozu's preference for fixed, low-angle, frontal medium shots and the monotonous pattern of direct address they set up. Many find Ozu's reliance on the straight cut, at the expense of such elementary grammatical devices as fades and dissolves, boring. Others are mystified by the spatially disrupting 180 degree shifts in point of view and the occasional narratively unmotivated camera movements. And, finally, how is one to interpret Ozu's gradual reduction of acting strategies to eye movements and facial flickers?

Richie convincingly demonstrates that Ozu's reduced cinematic vocabulary aims at evoking *mono no aware* and *enryo*, respectively a form of sympathetic existential contentment and the reserved mode of direct address traditional in the Japanese guest-host relationship. Ozu's interest in characters that resist easy summation who are not mere playthings of a "plot" extends to his self-conception as a director: to make present, not to interpret. His formal prescriptions thus become a formal analogue for his emotional reserve.

Nevertheless, it is precisely at this culminating point in Richie's book that critical reservations emerge. Because of the ambiguity and unfamiliarity of *mono no aware* and *enryo* for Western readers, Richie often lapses into an over-allusive critical terminology that is at odds with the precision he displays elsewhere. "Dark", "depth of feeling", "spring-like comedy" are terms that *may* be understood by many, but they are vague and can easily be misunderstood — especially when allied with notions of transcendence and infinity.

Secondly, Richie commits a fundamental critical error by too quickly accepting Ozu's professed disinterest in editing. It is true that Ozu scripted-in his edits from the early primary writing stages, thereby making the actual handling of the film seem unimportant. The issue, however, is not whether Ozu ever spliced the film himself. Rather, it is the functioning of the final edited form as he foresaw and controlled it that remains important and is, moreover, central to any consideration of Ozu's Japanese-ness. Even more crucial than his thematic concentration on the Japanese family's dissolution is Ozu's concern that the film's structure point to its own mask. The film's status as a created object is telegraphed, in fact, by the "discontinuities" Richie discerns in every aspect of Ozu's work: disjunctions created by not cutting on movement, the consistent breaking of continuity through the rearrangements of props for each shot in a sequence, the mismatched directions in consecutive shots, the disruptive camera movements. When Ozu asked his actors to address the camera directly, he knowingly circumscribed one's sense of a "real" space existing outside the limits of the frame and thereby labelled on-screen space as "pictorial". By alternating such shots he created those radical shifts of point of view which break the conventional fiction (shared by many Japanese directors) of invisible narration generated by strategies of eye-line matching.

One cannot shrug off such discontinuities, signs of the mediating camera and director, as Richie does by claiming that the viewer overlooks them and constructs his own continuity based on his belief in the presence of the actors or the intricacies of the story. To do so is to ignore Ozu's affiliation with a broad Japanese artistic tradition — Bunraku theater and Hokusai's series of views of Mt. Fuji offer two contrasting examples — which insists on incorporating spectator awareness of the "means of production" into the process of experiencing the work. Richie has simply ignored this aspect of Ozu's cultural identity in his otherwise exemplary study.

Stuart Liebman

Closely Watched Films, by Antonin J. Liehm. International Arts and Sciences Press. $15.00 (In Canada: 68 Publishers, Box 695, Station "A", Toronto M5W 1G2).

This book of 33 interviews with Czechoslovak directors of the "New Wave" — which has now been levelled out in the Dead Sea of post-1968 Czechoslovakia — is dedicated to "all the talented people who almost achieved the impossible." "The impossible" was that ideal situation where the film director would be free from both financial and ideological control exercised by persons who have no interest in film as art.

It almost happened in Czechoslovakia in 1968. The reforms envisaged a Production Group (the socialist equivalent of a capitalist company) which would make exclusively art films and, if necessary, would be subsidized from profits of other Groups (turning out popular entertainment) and from other public sources. The total abolition of censorship in the summer of 1968, together with this revolutionary concept, opened the gate to an unprecedented freedom for the cinema. Some — among them many Western leftists — feared that such total freedom would be misused to foster counterrevolution or even lead to a restoration of capitalism. ***Closely Watched Films*** is, among other things, an answer to such fears. The 33 interviews, conducted for the most part during that period of total freedom when everybody could say anything, speak very frankly of the fact that none of the directors held anti-socialist views, most voiced very pronounced socialist views, and a few were rather orthodox communists. Moreover, those who left the country after the Soviet ambush by no means turned into unrestricted admirers of the Yankee Way. Says Milos Forman **(Loves of a Blonde, Taking Off)**: "America wants brains, not a heart, feelings, problems. To hell with that. Sentimental or not, America's tears don't come from the heart. It doesn't cry for the love of it's neighbor, but for love of itself." Which may be provocative, even untrue, but certainly is not conformist.

There is a great variety in these interviews, not of sensationalist statements or intimate revelations, but of knowledge; a knowledge sometimes possessed by those who, in their life-times, have had personal experience of both the major politico-economic systems in today's world, with Nazism thrown in as a redoubtable bonus (e.g. Forman's parents both died in

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Stuart Liebman teaches film at Queens College in New York City, and has written for Film Comment, Ciname *(in L.A.) and* The Boston Phoenix.

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Nazi camps). Says Ivan Passer **(Intimate Lighting, Law and Disorder)**: "I wasn't the least bit surprised when some Americans declared that they 'hated' the script of **Taking Off.** Maybe they recognized themselves, the way some people did in Prague. And that tempts me about the possibility of work in America. You understand ... they don't even have the vocabulary for some things yet."

This book could help to formulate such a vocabulary. As for the men and women speaking in these pages: Some of them are now working — or at least living — in the West (Forman, Passer, Kadar, Jasny, Radok, Weiss); some have recently been expelled as incorrigibles (Nemec: **Report on the Party and the Guests**); some were silenced in Prague (Chytilova: **The Daisies**; Schorm: **End of a Priest**); some "recanted" as did, most tragically, the director of **Closely Watched Trains**, Jiri Menzel, and are allowed to make the Soviet-bloc equivalent of Hollywood escapism or cold-war propaganda. Some are even dead (Mac Fric). Dead or alive, this book is their obituary.

Daniel S. Miritz

James Dean: The Mutant King, by David Dalton. Straight Arrow. $9.95 (In Canada: General; $11.50).

"Jimmy was a mass of energy seeking form," Dalton writes. You bet he was. A megalomaniac with visions of the infinite future, man making himself into a star, into pure light; or failing, cosmically. Infinite possibility means infinite fear of failure. "To me," James Dean said, "the only success, the only greatness, is immortality." He once posed sitting in a coffin for a photographer. He rode motorcycles and raced cars. Like a bullfighter, he was artful on the edges of death. Because death is the only worthy opponent if your goal is immortality.

Faced with this cultic personality and figure of legend, Dalton has composed what amounts to an intellectual (he's a Classics major from Columbia) fan magazine biography. Don't misunderstand that. This is a serious book, especially in its extended analyses of the movies. But it is, so to speak, prescientific: "James Dean is an archetype American hero whose life is a series of modern parables. All of his films, either by coincidence or act of God, parallel his own life and by some even greater mystery tell the story of America from ecstatic **Eden** to crumbling corporate **Giant.**"

He didn't play the hero, you see, or just fool himself into believing that he was the hero. To Dalton he *was* the hero, by predestination. The difference between this book and the fan magazine is that Dalton has read Aeschylus, Shakespeare, Joseph Campbell and Mircea Eliade on "archaic" cosmologies, and R.W.B. Lewis on *The American Adam.* So he assimilates James Dean into the history of world mythology.

Take his use of astrology, for example. We accept speculation on the relations between stars and human destiny when it appears in *Lear* or *Agamemnon*, or even in **Rebel Without a Cause.** The implication that human and cosmic destinies are related provides a coherence and unity of meaning to the world created by the artist. But do we want to know, in a biography, that "Jimmy was born under the influence of the planet Uranus, a symbol of light"? And that light is "the medium of a star" (especially a movie star), the "element into which James Dean transformed himself"?

Or do we want to read Dalton's "case for Fairmount [Indiana: the place Dean "considered home"] as the Omphalos of America"? (Dalton claims that Fairmount was the "birthplace of the hamburger, the car, the airplane and the ice cream cone.") Well, maybe we do. It is of some interest to hear a high school basketball coach describe our hero as "a clean-cut All-American type boy." Or to hear the Uncle who raised him (Dean was a symbolic orphan hero because his mother died and his father left him with a sister) declare: "I've said it until I'm sick of saying it: Jimmy was just like any other kid who grew up in this town." In other words, out there in the geographic navel of middle America was created a child so fatefully normal as to be that most elusive of abnormalities: typical. Fairmount is "the fount of some archetypal images without which the very idea of America might dissolve." And, of course, Dean is nearly an anagram for Eden.

That should give you an idea of Dalton's scheme for organizing his biographical research and critical analysis of films. It passes from the anthropological to the magical. Whether or not you want to know about Uranus, the Omphalos and their relationship to James Dean according to archaic cosmology is up to you. For my own part, I began to find it all rather intriguing.

Dean was a "mutant": "a bridge between where he has come from and where he's going, yet belonging to neither"; and he was an orphan hero, "torn from his roots and a stranger in a new land." He was not, unlike those other kings, Lear and Agamemnon, a mutant hero for times of violent change.

Every age is an age of transition after all; every age is insecure. What was the supposed tranquility of the Ameri-

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The Birth of the Talkies
Harry M. Geduld
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Sexuality in the Movies
Edited by Thomas R. Atkins
Through entertaining, intelligent, lavishly illustrated essays, the authors of this book examine the complex evolution of sex and sensuality on the screen in relation to the changing, often ambivalent values of the public.
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April, Cloth: $11.50
Paper: 5.70

Filmguide to "Odd Man Out"
James DeFelice March, Paper: $2.25

Filmguide to "The Triumph of the Will"
Richard Meran Barsam March, Paper: $2.25

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can Eisenhower Era but the hush of our collective held breath as we waited for the ultimate bomb to come out of the skies and unleash mutations that Darwin never dreamed of? Anyway, I remember seeing **Rebel**, in the Seventies, seeing James Stark — James Dean — taking off his red jacket to cover the corpse of his friend, Plato, and zipping it up because "he was always cold."

I remember suddenly re-experiencing, with a constriction of the stomach and a physical sensation of warmth and power, the feeling of putting out that symbolic jacket fifteen years before. And I realized then that the ghost of James Dean had reached out of the light and wrapped those jackets around us, around thousands of us.

Now it occurs to me that it may have been necessary for Dean to have been born under Uranus, or to have lived where the ice cream cone originated, but something happened between him and his audience which is very hard to explain in ordinary ways. There is, of course, an element of magic in the movies which we take for granted simply because we're familiar with the technology. The movies do transform actors into creatures of light, after all. There is, at any rate, a point in your relationship with the stars at which you must give science up, and find there is nothing left but mystery. And there are no explanations then; no explanations at all.

Joel Thingvall

Joel Thingvall is the film critic for Minneapolis's Mpls. Magazine, *does film critiques for* Cinefantastique *and entertainment features for* Mediascene, *as well as being a produced playwright.*

BOOKS ON FILM: A CHECKLIST

This column lists new books, whether hardcover (H) or paperback (P), dealing in whole or in part with the motion picture and issued, for the most part, in the English language by North American publishers; also new editions of out-of-print titles, and novels the significance of which transcends their fictional format. Canadian agents and prices are noted where applicable. All mass market paperbacks (under $2.00) are the same price in both countries, while Canadian markups on trade titles still remain far too high in most cases. (The one glaring example in this list of the Canadian price being almost three times as high as the American is explained by the fact that the Canadian purchaser is obliged to buy the British imported edition — whose markup is usually quite ridiculous.)

About Documentary: Anthropology on Film. By Robert Edmonds. Pflaum/Standard 1974. 115 pp. $6.95 (H), $4.50 (P). (Macmillan, price not yet set)

Africa on Film. By Richard A. Maynard. Hayden 1974. 96 pp. $3.50 (P). (General $4.00). Study of Western myths about Africa.

American Film Genres. By Stuart M. Kaminsky. Pflaum/Standard 1975. 240 pp. $12.95 (H), $7.95 (P). (Macmillan ?, $8.75)

The American West on Film. By Richard A. Maynard. Hayden 1974. 144 pp. $3.50 (P) (General $4.00). Myth and reality of the Western film genre.

Ingmar Bergman. By Birgitta Steene. St. Martin's 1975. 158 pp. $3.95 (P). Paperback edition of 1968 study.

The Black Man on Film. By Richard A. Maynard. Hayden 1974. 144 pp. $3.50 (P). (General $4.00). Study of racial stereotyping.

Frank Capra: The Man and His Films. Richard Glatzer and John Raeburn, eds. U. of Michigan Press 1975. 190 pp. $3.95 (P). (Longman $4.55)

Chaplin. By Denis Gifford. Doubleday 1975. 128 pp. $7.50 (H). (Macmillan $6.95)

Cinema Beyond the Danube. By Michael Jon Stoil. Scarecrow Press 1974. 208 pp. $6.00 (H). Film criticism combined with politico-social analysis.

Cinematics. By Paul Weiss. So. Illinois University Press 1975. 240 pp. $8.95 (H). (Burns and MacEachern $10.25). A philosophical study of film in society.

Creative Intention. By Ben R. Parker and Patricia J. Drabik. Law-Arts Publ. 1974. 292 pp. $14.50 (H). Techniques of self-expression in the communication media.

Marlene Dietrich. By Charles Silver. Pyramid 1974. 160 pp. $1.75 (P).

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George L. George and Glen Hunter

George L. George, for many years a film director with an Academy Award for one of his documentaries, is book reviewer for several filmmagazines. Glen Hunter is Take One's Book Editor.

NEXT ISSUE

All at Sea with Stephen Spielberg — In which an intrepid **David Helpern Jr.** (no mean filmmaker himself) interviews the young director on the pitching, heaving set of **Jaws.** We hear Spielberg ask, "Can I tell the truth?" We hear Helpern reply, "Go ahead, tell the truth." And tell the truth he does, about **Jaws,** as well as his two previous features, **Duel** and **Sugarland Express.** Not just another fish story.

Edited for TV: A Symposium — Featuring **The Death of a Hundred Cuts** (a history of television censorship of the movies), and the personal reminiscences of both network and local tv editors. Among others, director Mike Nichols is quoted (when it came time to help, or not to help, CBS edit **The Graduate** for broadcast): "If you're going to have your balls cut off, you don't want to have to hold the razor."

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The tender trap snaps again . . . Betty Field's the bait, Lon Chaney Jr. and Burgess Meredith the victims. Directed by Lewis Milestone. Music by Aaron Copland. From the novel by John Steinbeck.

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Iron bars and brutal guards do not a prison make . . . especially if your hero is Paul Newman. With George Kennedy. Directed by Stuart Rosenberg.

THE WILD ONE
Marlon Brando and Lee Marvin va-va-vroom their way to happiness with Mary Murphy along for the ride. Directed by Laslo Benedek.

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Gene Tierney, Charlie Grapewin, Marjorie Rambeau, Ward Bond, Dana Andrews and William Tracy down and out down south. Directed by John Ford. From the novel by Erskine Caldwell.

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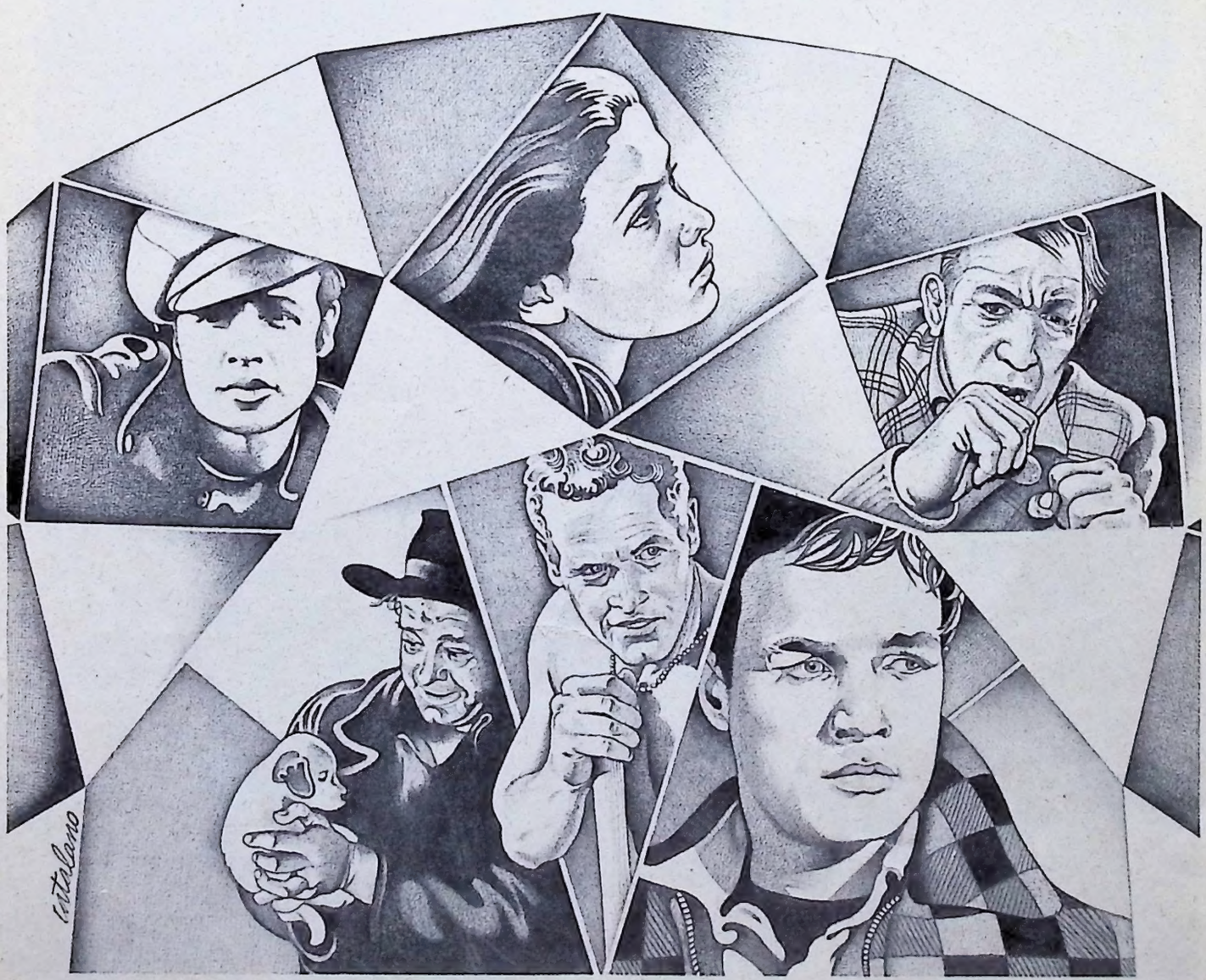
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